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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Lusiad: an Epic Poem. By Luis de Camoens. Translated from the Portuguese, by Thomas Moore Musgrave. 8vo. pp. 585. London, 1826. J. Murray.

THERE are two modes of dress in which the poets of other times and nations have been introduced to the English reader: the one characterised by a genuine native simplicity, and strict adherence to the original; the other by adititious and unauthorised, though often beautiful and attracting, ornament, superimposed by the translator. Fidelity, however, must, we think, be considered as the leading virtue of a translator. It is that alone which can redeem the pledge he gives to his reader, and enable him to fulfil the duty he owes to his principal. We are much disappointed if, when we wish earnestly to be introduced to a stranger, from whose acquaintance we promise ourselves the gratifications which genius casts around it, we find ourselves put into company with a mixed and made up personage, decked and disguised in habiliments which change or obscure his real spirit and character. Besides, there is a sort of moral delinquency in shewing up conceits, not his own, under the name of an original author. Faithfulness to him, therefore, must, as we have observed, be acknowledged as the great praise of a translator, and to this praise Mr. Musgrave appears to be eminently entitled. A long residence at Lisbon has afforded him an opportunity of becoming well acquainted with the Portuguese language and literature; and, in the work before us, he offers to his countrymen the fruits of his industry and taste. With regard to the business of translating, this version exemplifies rules which cannot be too carefully observed. That a translator has properly nothing to invent—that whatever he may possess of poetical fire, of the *vivida vis animi*, must be kept in subordination—that he should be well prepared with a thorough and accurate knowledge of the structure and idioms both of the language from which he translates, and of that into which he undertakes to render his author. There are no other means of giving poetical diction in the transcript for poetical diction in the model:—of avoiding slavish verbal interpretation, and of preserving strictly, at the same time, the sentiments and spirit of the writer to be interpreted. By the choice of blank verse, Mr. Musgrave has adapted his metre to these objects; avoiding the evil and difficulty of forced rhymes, by which the true sense of passages has so often been weakened or altered.

The work is dedicated to a highly respectable nobleman (Lord Chichester), who is now beyond the exercise of patronage; but it may be hoped that the merits of the translator will lead to favour in the quarter where the power is vested.

The Preface contains a brief notice of the biography of Camoens by different writers—remarks on the subject of the poem, its machinery, defects, beauties, national characteris-

tics, and on recent events, which render it peculiarly interesting to British readers; to which are added, notices of other versions of the *Lusiad*, with a candid acknowledgment of whatever appears meritorious in them. Mr. Musgrave then states the object he has kept in view in his own translation, which we may safely recommend to our readers as an excellent copy of a standard work, and one which should find a place in every selection of the productions of genius.

The notes have been collected with considerable care. They indicate classical gout and ingenious research; and nothing seems neglected which could serve to explain the poetical flights and historical allusions of Camoens. Had they or the Preface been more full, they might perhaps have mentioned some circumstances of recent date to which we will now refer, as they cannot fail to be interesting to the admirers of Camoens; and it is possible to no one so much as to Mr. Musgrave himself. That gentleman quotes and does justice to Mr. Adamson's Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the great Portuguese bard, * of which a review will be found in our *Gazette* so far back as No. 172, May, 1820. We there spoke of the splendid quarto edition of Camoens, which M. de Souza printed at Paris in 1817, the able Essay in which Mr. Adamson translated into his volumes. Since that period, however, a curious light has been thrown upon the text of Camoens, in a letter addressed by Mr. Mablin (an ingenious scholar and excellent critic) to the Royal Academy at Lisbon: his statements are deserving of particular regard, and we may regret if they were unknown to Mr. Musgrave when he made his translation. A second edition may be improved by attending to the following facts. The first edition of Camoens appeared at Lisbon in 1572, and not a vestige of any of his manuscripts remains to verify or correct it. But so rapid was its sale, that a second edition was published within the same year, which it is reasonable to believe was revised and corrected by the author. This of course would be the preferable and best edition. So rare have both become, that not more than five copies (that we have heard of) exist in Europe; namely, two at Lisbon, one which belonged to the late M. de Souza, one in the possession of Lord Holland, and one, obtained from Germany, now in the Royal Library at Paris. It is remarkable enough that the *first edition* was reprinted about two years after the death of Camoens (1581 or 2); and the *second edition* received the same honour about twelve years after; and that *every edition since* has purported to be "from the original," as if there had been but *one* copy, whereas there are *two*, distinguished from each other not merely by typographical *errata*, but by essential alterations† made by Camoens himself in the

* vols. 12mo. Newcastle and London. And a most valuable acquisition to Portuguese literature.

† Thus an imperfect verse is the beautiful episode of *Inez de Castro*, cited as an example by and by, is restored in the second edition; which if it had been consulted would have spared some critical inequity.

second publication. Yet this is the edition which appears to have been lost sight of; for M. de Souza's magnificent reprint was from his own and Lord Holland's copies, which are both the first: the Lisbon copies, on the contrary, are both the second, and we suppose the Paris copy to be the same. But we will not prolong these literary and historical notes: return to Mr. Musgrave, of whose general strength and spirit the following extracts may afford no unpleasing specimens.

The meeting of the king of Melinda and the "Lusian Chief" is thus described:—

"The restless Orb, circling its daily course,
To labour waked the slumbering world; and borne
On morning-beams, Memnon's herald thundered
The heavy sleep that clove each weary eye;
Slowly withdrew Night's sombre shades, and o'er
Earth's fragrant flowers scatter'd the freshening dew.
Now from his couch Melinda's king arose,
And straight embark'd to see the Lusian Fleet.
The shore swarm'd with a joyful multitude
That hither hasten'd to the novel sight:—
And rich empurpled garments, costly silks
Of variegated hue, a lustre shed
O'er the gay scene:—the warrior's javelin,
The bow that Luna's crescent imitates,
Were here by branches of the peaceful palm
Supplied,—the conqueror's best and loveliest crown.
A tilted spacious bark, richly adorn'd
With splendid various-colour'd silks, convey'd
Melinda's King, and all his gayly-clad
Courtiers, and of prime nobility—
Each clad in vestments of the richest garb,
As rank and dignity in each required,
And each an airy turban wore, of silk,
And gold, with curious art and taste entwined.
A rich Captain, worthy of a King,
The monarch wore, of costly Tyrian hue:
And from his neck a golden collar hung,
Whose worth was far surpass'd by the nice skill
That wrought it; with the diamond's sparkling blaze
The studded dagger in his girdle shone;—
And, on his sandal'd feet, the pearl shell,
Velvet and gold, were tasteful interlaced.
A round and lofty silken canopy,
Extended on its golden staff, a slave
Held o'er the venerable monarch's head,
To shield him from the ardent solar rays;
And from his stately brow a wild and strange,
Yet cheerful dissonance, rush'd on the ear,
From carved and brasson trumpets, whose loud notes
Thus inharmoniously their joy proclaim'd."

Now with less splendour shone the Lusian Chief,
When, quitting the Armsada to receive
Melinda's king upon the placid waves,
He came with all his brilliant equipage.
Spanish the costume he assumed, but o'er
This rich impoinging garb, a Gallic cloak
Of crimson Adriatic silk he threw:
A lovely tint, by all admired and prized.
His folded sleeves were chap'd with burnish'd gold,
That dazzled with the sun's reflected light:—
Embroider'd were his military hose
With that pure metal which, capriciously,
Fortune on few bestow'd: his doublet, sash'd
Points of the same scar'd and close'd with tape:
His golden sword hung with Italian grace,
And bending plumes waved o'er his martial brow."

The fate of Iguez is likewise pourtrayed in a forcible strain:—

"In sweet retirement, happy and serene,
Thou, lovely Iguez, pass'd those tedious years,
In which the soul to bright delusions yield'd,
Which soon, also! misfortune dissipates.
Amidst the enamel'd lawns that grace the banks
Of fair Mondigo's stream, swell'd off by tears
From thy angelic eyes, caught by thy love
The hills and vallies echoed the dear name
Engrav'd on thy heart. Each scene recall'd
The tenderest remembrances of love,
And then the pain in fancy's clasp'd behalf,
Though by the sweet imagination's eyes unseen,
Each night in blissful, but deluding dreams,
Each day in faithful thoughts that flew to thee,
While all he meditated, all he saw."

Awaked the memory of transporting joy.
 "Beauty and royal rank in vain aspire
 To hymenial bonds : both he rejects.
 With thee, pure Love, these nothing can avail,
 If once subdued by the impressive glance
 Of gentle loveliness. The wary king
 Regarding, as a fantasy, this love,
 That wend's his son from other nuptials,
 To public marmours lends too prompt an ear,
 And cruelly resolves on Ignor's death,
 Affection's link that bids me to break,
 Believing that her good, thus hasty shed,
 And cold quench this constant, ardent flame.
 What grandeur could unsheathe bright honour's sword,
 Which with such heroism had sustain'd
 The impetuous fury of the Moor, and point
 Its edge against a lovely, helpless fair!
 Dragged by the ministers of death before
 The king—hearts soft pity's impulse touch'd ;
 But th' blind fury of th' insensate mob
 Urged him the lovely Ignor to condemn.
 In accents of profoundly-moving grief,
 Not for her own sad fate, but for her prince,
 And tender offspring from their mother torn,
 (A pang to her more cruel far than death!)
 To Heaven she raised her sweet imploring eyes,
 More sweetly eloquent by sorrow's tears—
 Her eyes alone, for attitude of prayer
 To her imprison'd hands was then denied :—
 With looks of tenderest maternal love,
 Her dear, her darling children she beheld,
 And with a mother's fears their orphan state
 Viewing with dread—thus to the king she spake :—

"If savage and ferocious animals
 Nature has cruel made, instinctively,
 And equally has prompted birds of prey
 Themselves by rapine solely to subsist,
 Yet even these have tender infants spared,
 By the soft impulse of compassion moved :—
 So Niurus' parent was of old preserved,
 And the twin founders of majestic Rome.
 O thou, whose mean human nature links,
 (We can it be mean? a damsel weak,
 And helped to destroy, because his heart
 Whose true love is, by love she holds enchain'd?)
 Let these sweet innocents thy pity move,
 Though none induce thee to avert my fate;
 For them let me and thy compassion plead,
 Although thy mercy be withheld from me
 Guiltless of all offence. If the proud Moor
 Thou couldest by fire and sword exterminate,
 Thy clemency now shew in granting life
 To her who never merited its loss.
 But if my innocence can sought avail,
 Consign me to perpetual punishment,
 To Scythia's cold, or Libya's heat exposed,
 Where I, with bitter tears, may weep away
 The sad remainder of my wretched days :—
 Place me with lions and with tigers fierce—
 That pity amidst them I still may find,
 Which in the human breast I seek in vain :
 Retaining there that virtuous portion of love
 For him, for whom none durst or dared to die,
 Thee mother's! pit will there alleviate."
 "To pardon the haughty king inclined,
 By these pathetic words thy pity moved :
 But adverse destiny and bitter foes
 Check'd in its course the royal ceremony.
 Swift from their scabbards flew the glittering swords
 Of those who triumph'd in this horrid deed
 Against defenceless innocence. 'Monsters
 Ferocious, ye were, yet chevaliers
 Profess'd!' The beautiful Polyxena,
 The only solace of her mother's age,
 By fierce Achilles' shade condemn'd to die,
 Awaited thus death's stroke from Pyrrhus' sword :
 Her eyes, e'er wont a cheerful influence
 To shed around, on her griev'd parent, now
 To reason lost, she fix'd, and as a meek
 And unresisting lamb was sacrificed.
 Thus was fair Ignor, too, of life bereft :
 Her base assassin armed with brutal rage,
 Unheedful of all future punishment,
 Their tarnish'd swords, and the white lovely flowers
 Which often she had wad'd with her tears,
 Now bathed with blood, shed from that snow-white
 breast.

Which love had graced with treasures that subdued
 Him who proclaim'd her after death, his queen.
 At sight of such a deed well mightest thou,
 O Sun, withdraw thy conscious rays, as east
 From Atreus' cruel feast, when on thine child
 Thyses' fed, deceived by impious fraud :
 And thou, gloomy valies, that received
 The last faint accents of her dying lips,
 Her royal lover's name with her last sigh
 Invoking,—long this consecrated name
 In sadness ye rehearsed ! As the sweet flower,
 White as pure snow, when prematurely pluck'd
 By the light-hearted maiden's careless hand
 Destin'd her rustic chaplet to adorn,
 Its fragrance loss with its native hue ;
 So thus in death the pallid Ignor lay,
 Her roses wither'd, her complexion gone,
 And every vivid tint with life extinct.
 Mondego's Nymphae this tragical event
 Commemorated long with poignant grief,
 And, in perpetual memory of her fate,

To a pure fountain changed their copious tears.
 The name it then received it still retains—
 For still it is the fount of Ignor's loves.
 What fount like this revives the drooping flowers ?
 Tears are its spring, and Love its hallow'd name."

* Repenting that *this* is a very literal translation of Camões, our readers will not be disengaged to contrast with it the same passage according to Mickle. They will thus be enabled to see at a glance what extraneous liberties the Englishman took with the Portuguese; and how far he went from his text in order to render his version more poetical. This we do not, however, record as a censure; for we are still of opinion that Mickle, with all his aberrations, has given us a splendid performance, often compressing, into vigour what is weak and diffuse in Camões, and generally admirable in the descriptive parts. Only his version is not Camões, so closely as the version of Mr. Musgrave. Er. gr.

Dragg'd from her bower by murderous ruffian hands,
 Before the frowning king fair lines stand ;
 Her tears of artless innocence, her air
 So mild, so lovely, and her face so fair,
 Moved the stern monarch : when, with eager zeal,
 Her fierce destroyers urged the public weal.
 Dread rage again the tyrant's soul posset,
 And his dark brow his cruel thoughts confess :
 O'er her fair face a sudden paleness spread,
 Her throbbing heart with generous anguish bled—
 Anguish to view her lover's hopeless woes,
 And all the mother in her bosom rose.
 Her beauteous eyes, in trembling tear-drops drown'd,
 To heaven she lifted, for her hands were bound ;
 Then on her infants turn'd the piteous glance,
 The look of bleeding woe : the babes advance,
 Smiling in innocence of infant age,
 Unawed, unconscious of their grandmire's rage :
 To whom, as bursting sorrow gave flow,
 The native heart-sprung eloquence of woe,
 The lovely captive thus :—O monarch, hear !
 It's here the aim of man's warfare—
 If prowling tigress, or the wolf's wild brood,
 Inspired by man, with the lust of blood,
 Have yet been moved the weeping babe to spare,
 Nor left, but tended with a nurse's care.
 As Rome's great founders to the world were given,
 Shall thou, who wear'st the sacred stamp of heaven,
 The human form divine, shalt thou deny
 That aid, that pity, which e'en beasts supply ?
 Oh, that thy heart were, as thy looks declare,
 Of human mould, superfluous were my prayer !
 Thou couldest not then a helpless damsel slay,
 Whose sole offence in fond affection lay,
 In faith to him who first his love confess'd,
 Who first to love allureth her virgin breast.
 In these my babes shall thou think me see,
 And still tremendous hurl thy rage on me ?
 Me, for their sakes, if yet thou wilt not spare,
 Oh, let these infants prove thy pious care !
 Yet Pit's innocent current ever flows

wounds that brave hearts where genuine valour glows ;
 That art thy brave, let vanquish'd Afric tell,
 Than in the pity o'er mine anguished self :
 Ah ! let my woes, unnumbered of a crime,
 Procure mine end to some barbarous clime ;
 Give me to wander o'er the barren plains,
 Of Libya's deserts, or the wild domains
 Of Scythia's snow-clad rocks and frozen shore ;
 There let me, hopeless of return, depose :
 Where ghastly horror fills the dreary vale,
 Where shrieks and howlings die on every gale,
 The lions' roaring, and the tigers' yell,
 There, with mine infant race, consign'd to dwell ;
 There let me try that pity to find,
 In vain by impulse from human kind :
 There in some dreary cavern's rocky womb,
 Amid the horrors of sepulchral gloom,
 For him whose love I mourn, my love shall glow,
 The sigh shall murmur and the tear shall flow :
 All my fond wish, and all my hope to rear
 These infant pledges of a love so dear ;
 Amidst my griefs a soothng glad employ,
 Amidst my woes a woeless, hopeless joy.

"In tears she uttered—as the frozen snow,
 Touch'd by the spring's mild ray, begin to flow—
 So just began to melt his stubborn soul,
 As mid-ray'd pity o'er the tyrant stole ;
 But destiny forbade : with eager zeal,
 Again pretended for the public weal,
 Her fierce accusers urged her speedy doom :
 Again dark rage diffused its horrid gloom
 O'er stem Alonso's brow : swift at the sign,
 Their swords unsheathed around her brandish'd shine.
 O foul disgrace, of knighthood lasting stain,
 By men of arms a helpless lady slain !

"Thus Pyrrhus, burning with unmanly ire,
 Fulfill'd the mandate of his furious size :
 Disdainful of the frantic matron's prayer,
 On fair Polyxena, her last fond care,
 He rush'd, his blade yet warm with Priam's gore,
 And dash'd the daughter on the sacred floor ;
 While mildly she her raving mother eyed,
 Resign'd her bosom to the sword, and died.
 Thus lies, while her eyes to Heaven appeal,
 Resigns her bosom to the murdering steel :
 That snowy neck, whose matchless form sustain'd
 The loveliest face where all the Graces reigned—

The apostrophe of the sage upon the departure of Vasco di Gama and his companions, on their bold enterprise, is, both for its matter and form, worth our attention ; and we insert it as our concluding example :

"O thirst of power—instinct appetite
 Of vain dominion, which the world calls Fame !
 O pleading phantom, which inflamed and fam'd
 By popular applause, is Honour named !
 What just severity of punishment
 Dost thou on thy immoderate votary
 Inflict ! What perils, and what cruel deaths,
 Are hazarded in the blood-stain'd career ?
 Restless disturb both of life and soul.—
 Source of most profligate licentiousness !—
 Profuse destroyer of the public wealth,
 And of all national prosperity !
 Yet art thou hail'd illustrious and sublime,
 Though indignation merit and hate.
 Fame, too, and Glory art thou call'd !—false Lights,
 That, dazzling, lead the foolish world astray.
 With what disasters hast thou now resolved
 This haughty nation, and disgrac'd our realm ?
 What perils and what death have thou decreed
 Under some fatal but resplendent name ?
 What undiscover'd empires, and what mines
 Of gold hast thou with luring promises
 Reveald ? What fame, what high recorded deeds,
 What palms, and what triumphant victories ?
 O thou unhappy generation ! sprung
 From him whose sinful disobedience,
 Not only from the realms of Paradise
 Exiled thee, here to mourn thy painful lot
 In banishment, but of thy heavenly state
 Of tranquill, happy innocence deprived,
 Changing the halcyon days of golden peace
 For the stern iron age of cruel war."

There is a note, page 471, which throws so much light both on the subject and the hero of the Lusiad, that we insert it in this place, +

Whose charms so long the gallant prince inflamed,
 That her pale corse was Lisbon's queen proclaim'd—
 That snowy neck was stain'd with spouting gore,
 Another sword her body bled toore.
 The flowing blood glist'nd with her blood imbue'd.
 Now stark and ghastly with her blood imbue'd.
 As when a rose, ere while of bloom so gay,
 Thrown from the careless virgin's breast away,
 The snowy white, and all its fragrance dead :
 So from her cheeks the roses died away,
 And pale in death the beauteous Ines lay.
 With dreadful smiles, and crimson'd with her blood,
 Round the wan victim the stern murderer stood,
 Unmindful of the sure, though future hour,
 Sacred to vengeance and her lover's power.

"O Sun, couldest thou so foul a crime behold,
 Nor veil thine head in darkness, as of old
 A sudden night unwanted horror cast.
 O'er that dire banquet, where the sires repeat
 The son's torn limbs suppli'd ! Yet, ye yales !
 Ye distant forests and ye flowery dales !
 When pale and sinking to the dreadful fall,
 You heard her quivering lips on Pedro call :
 Your faithful echoes caught the parting sound,
 And Pedro ! Pedro ! mournful, sighed around.
 Nor less the wood-nymphs of Mondrago's groves
 Bewail'd the memory of her hapless love :
 Her griefs they wept, and to a plaintive ill
 Transform'd their tears, which weeps and murmers still.
 To give immortal pity to her we,
 They taught the rivulet through her bowers to flow ;
 And still through violet beds the fountain pours
 Its plaintive wailing, and is named Amours."

Touching this episode the annexed note from Mr. Musgrave is interesting :—When the French invaded Portugal, these tombs (the tombs of Pedro and Ines) were not respected by their sacrilegious rapacity. They violated them, in order to rifle and plunder the dead. They opened only one side of them, to the extent of something more than a foot square ; and this injury was subsequently repaired only by closing it with plain stone. I could not but lament, when I was at Alcobaça, in 1820, that the monks of that convent, discerned the richness in Portugal, should have allowed these mutilated monuments to remain unmended. Their style is that of a sarcophagus ; not indeed very finely sculptured, but from its general effect, meriting to be considered as a respectable work of art. As monuments of great national interest, they evidently deserve to be skilfully restored, and most carefully preserved."

+ Don Emanuel came to the throne in 1496, and in 1497 the expedition was equipped for the discovery of a passage to India. In 1496 the expediency of the measure was repeatedly discussed in various councils, but the general opinion was opposed to its execution. The King, however, was not to be dissuaded from the enterprise, and selected Vasco da Gama, Pardo da Gama (his brother), and Nicolau Coelho : he addressed them to the grave and judicious speech, in the presence of many of the most distinguished personages of the realm, at Monte Mor ; and delivering to Vasco da Gama a silk pendant, embossed

and take leave of the Poem, which certainly contains many excellent, and some sublime and beautiful passages, productions of a powerful mind, and of an imagination replete with imagery, oftentimes captivating, and unsuccessful only when employed in forming combinations, which though patriotic, pious, and learned, are discordant to our taste, and incongruous in themselves.* But the delineations of Indian scenery and character; the genius of the cape; the episode of Ignor di Castro; and the description of the Isle of Venus, are happy efforts both of the original author, and of the translator. Before we take leave of them, as Fan-shaw's work is now very scarce, it may amuse our readers if we quote a few stanzas from that ancient worthy's version: for this purpose we take the conclusion of the story of Inez, already exemplified in the translations of Mickle and Musgrave.

" Fair would have pardon'd her the gracious king,
Mov'd with these words, which made his bowels yearn:
But Fate, and whisp'lers (that fresh fuel bring)
Would not pardon. 'Tis those men's concern
(Having begun) to perpetrate the thing.
They strip their steel out of the scabbard (stern).
Out villains! butchers! What! employ your spights,
Your swords, against a lady, and call'd knights?
" As at the breast of fair Polixena,
Condemn'd to death by dire Achilles's shade,
(The last dear stake of aged Hectorus)
Revengeful Pyrrhus bent his cruel blade;
But with a look that drives ill ays away,
(Patient, as any lamb) the royal maid,
Her mad mother casting up her eyes,
Presents her self a sacrifice, and dyes:
" So gentle Yne's brutish murtheress,
Evn in that neck (white Atlas of that head
Whose stars, though set, had influence o're the pow'r
Of him, that crown'd her after she was dead),
Bathing their thirsty swords, and all the flow'r's
Which her fair eyes had newly watered
(Mindless of the ensuing vengeance) stood,
Like crimson'd hunters, reeking with her blood.
" Well might thou Phœbus, from an act so dire
(Pyron starting) have reverst thy look:
From Thystes's table, when the sire
Dow'd on the son, the uncle being the cook.
You, bold and valiant, knave, when you did expire,
From her cold lips the dying accents rack.
Hearing her Pedro nam'd with her last breath,
For'nd Pedro, Pedro, after Yne's death.
" Like a sweet rose (with party-colours fair)
By virgin's hand beheaded in the bud
To play wifom, or prick into her hair,
Where she liv'd, and where she walk'd, when it stood)
Both scent and beauty vanish into ayre:
So lies the damsel without breath or blood.
Her cheekes! fresh roses raviest from the root,
Both red and white, and the sweet life to boot.
" This act of horrors, and black night obscure,
Mondeo's daughter long remembred deep:
And, for a lasting tomb, into a pyre
Fountain, transform'd the tears which they did weep.
The name they gave it (which doth still endure)
Was Vne's kyes, whom Pedro there did keep.
No wonder such sweet streams water those flowers:
Tears are the substance, and the name A-mours:

It may be worth while to mention here that though the discovery of the Cape of Good

with the arms of the order of Christ, Gama, upon his knees, addressed to his majesty the following speech. I Vasco da Gama, commanded by you, most high and most powerful king, my sovereign lord, going to discover seas and regions in the East,—swear by this cross, which now I hold, that, in the service of God, and in yours, I will firmly plant it in the presence of Moors, Pagans, or any people, wherever I shall go: and that, in all perils of the sea, of fire, and of the sword, will preserve and defend it, even unto death. And I also swear, that, in executing this enterprise of discovery, which you, my king and sovereign Lord, have commanded me to undertake, I will serve you with all faith, loyalty, vigilance, and diligence, obeying and executing your commands, given to me for this purpose, until I shall return to your royal presence whence I now stand, by the grace of God, in whose service I am now sent." After this address, the banner was delivered to Vasco da Gama, with his instructions, and letters to Prester John, and the king of Calicut.

* Thus in *Manuel de Faria's Marofa* edition, 1689, there is a long poem, to prove that Jesus Christ, in the *Lxxiad*, is figurative of Jesus Christ; that the Isle of Venus is the Catholic Religion, and the Nymphs who so warmly entertain the sailors there, no other than the Christian Virtues personified. Yet their doings are so luxuriantly described by Camoens, that Mr. Musgrave has, in these parts, though himself bound to soften down the author into greater modesty of expression.

Hope is generally ascribed to Vasco da Gama, he is not entitled to that distinction. It is even doubtful whether this point of the African continent was known to the ancients: but at all events, as appears in the map given by Dr. Vincent, in his learned Treatise on Ancient Navigation (see his *Voyage of Nearchoe*, quarto edition), the Cape was visited by a countryman of his own, fourteen years before Vasco da Gama's voyage: viz. Luis de Deas, who accompanied him as master or pilot.

A Treatise on Diet: &c. &c. By J. A. Paris, M.D. F.R.S. &c. 8vo. pp. 307. London, 1826. T. and G. Underwood.

WHY had not we read this sensible book before last week? Never should we have committed ourselves as we have done, recommending nice cookery, exquisite wines, the indulgences of appetite,—nay, even Scotch dishes and Meg Dods of the Cleekum! What is to be done? It is painful to recant; but yet Dr. Paris has placed matters before us in so undeniable a position, that we cannot oppose him at all. If he were an ultra-dietician, we might dare to resist and deal with him; but he is so confoundedly reasonable and moderate, that there is no finding a point at which to assail him with any chance of advantage. Indeed it is hardly fair to endeavor to treat this volume with pugnacity, and therefore, before we attempt to do so, even partially, we beg to state our sincere opinion, that, high as the character of its author deservedly stands, this excellent work must add to his reputation. It is indeed a valuable publication; and both practitioners and private individuals have to thank Dr. Paris for the lucid view he has given of a subject of the most vital importance, whether to the enjoyment or prolongation of human life.

Some Physiologists will have it that the Stomach is a Mill;—others, that it is a fermenting Vat;—others, again, that it is a Stew-pan;—“but in my view of the case (said Dr. Hunter) it is neither a Mill, nor a Vat, nor a Stew-pan—but a Stomach, gentlemen, a Stomach.” And a very curious thing it is, call it what you please; so curious that it is no wonder those who tinker it, i. e. the faculty, should have differed so widely in their opinions about it;—which, by the by, Dr. Paris expounds very cleverly in his preface:—

“ Let us suppose,” says he, “ an unprejudiced reader, my assumption I admit is violent, were to wade through the discordant mass to which I allude, would he not inevitably arrive at the mortifying conclusion, that nothing is known upon the subject in question; or rather, that there does not exist any necessity for such knowledge? Nothing cherishes the public scepticism, with regard to the efficacy of the medical art, so much, as the publication of the adverse and contradictory opinions of its professors, upon points so apparently simple and obvious, that every superficially informed person constitutes himself a judge of their merits.

If a reader is informed by one class of authors, that a weak stomach is unable to convert liquid food into aliment, and by another, that solid food is injurious to feeble stomachs, he at once infers that the question is one of perfect indifference; and he ultimately arrives, by a very simple process of reasoning, at the sweeping

* His preliminary description of the digestive organs, both in a healthy and diseased state, is also very clear and convincing: we do not pretend that there is much of novelty in this part, or in the work altogether; but the results of memory and experience are most ably set before the reader.

conclusion, that the stomach, ever kind and accommodating, indiscriminately converts every species of food into nourishment; and that he has therefore only to consult his own inclination in its selection. On the valetudinarian, incapable of healthy reflection, and ever seeking for causes of fear and anxiety, when they do not choose to come uncalled, such works may have a contrary tendency, and lead him to suspect the seeds of disease in every dish, and poison in every cup. To make the case still stronger, let us suppose that the unprejudiced person, whom we have chosen to represent on this occasion, instead of a reader, becomes a patient, and submits his complaints to the judgment of these discordant authors; might he not, like the Emperor Adrian, prepare an inscription for his tomb-stone? This is not an imaginary case, but one of daily occurrence in this metropolis. A dyspeptic invalid, restless and impatient from the nature of his complaints, wanders from physician to physician, and from surgeon to surgeon, in the eager expectation of procuring some relief from his sufferings: under the direction of one, he takes the blue pill, and, like Sanctorius, measures with scrupulous accuracy the prescribed quantity of his *ingesta*; but, disappointed in the promised benefit, he solicits other advice, and is mortified by hearing that mercury, in every form of combination, must aggravate the evils he seeks to cure, and that a generous diet, and bitter stomachics, are alone calculated to meet the exigencies of his case; a trial is given to the plan, but with no better success: the unhappy patient at length determines to leave his case to nature; but at this critical juncture he meets a sympathizing friend, by whom he is earnestly entreated to apply to a skilful physician, who had succeeded in curing a similar complaint, under which he had himself severely laboured: the anxious sufferer, with renewed confidence, sends for this long sought for doctor, and he hears, with a mixture of horror and astonishment, that his disorder has been entirely mistaken, and that he must submit to the mortifications of a hermit, or his cure is hopeless. It is unnecessary to pursue the history.”

This conflicting state of opinions is very perplexing, and yet we rejoice in it as it offers the only loop-hole through which we may try to creep from Dr. Paris's conclusions. Seeing that one physician allows one thing, and another another, we should be inclined to consult our own taste, and take whatever we liked best. Indeed we think we can detect a lingering partiality for this course in the Doctor himself; for, though he qualifies it afterwards, he does admit, in the beginning, that savoury dishes are not only the most delicious, but also the most wholesome and healthy:—

“ It has been observed, (he allows) that the useful object of cookery is to render aliment agreeable to the senses, and of easy digestion: in short, to spare the stomach a drudgery which can be more easily performed by a spit or stew-pan,—that of loosening the texture, or softening the fibres of the food; and which are essential preliminaries to its digestion. A no less important effect is produced by rendering it more palatable; for it is a fact, which I shall have to consider on a future occasion, that the gratification which attends a favourite meal is, in itself, a specific stimulus to the organs of digestion, especially in weak and debilitated habits.”

This is a gratifying and glorious doctrine, to which we subscribe with all our hearts: we are convinced that the more agreeable aliments are

to the palate they are the better for the constitution. Look at a rosy-gilled epicure, easily seated at the dinner-table, with every sense gratified, hanging over his plate (or rather his plates); the sight charmed, the smell enamoured, the taste delighted, the very hearing pleased by hissing or bubbling sounds: see him snuff up the odours and swallow the tit-bits, which the watering of his mouth transmits into his stomach, in the most perfect salivary condition for digestion,—it is impossible but that such a meal must do him infinitely more good than if he ate it like a regardless beast, telling you all the time that every kind of food was alike to him, no matter how dressed, no matter how sauced. The green and yellow looks of such a rascal show how unworthy he is of the enjoyments of life, and how little he truly does enjoy the bounties of nature and the refinements of art. If man is not a cooking animal, we know of no distinction for him; and while we would honour the grateful gourmand with that title, we have no objection to let the ancient definition stand for the rest of the race—“two-legged animals without feathers.”

But where is Dr. Paris all this while? In his first chapter, and summary treatise, on the anatomy of the digestive organs, he sets out by saying—

“ No function in the animal economy presents such elaborate machinery as that of digestion; but its complexity and extent have been found to vary according to the nature of the food upon which it is designed to act.”

“ Man, who derives his supplies of nourishment from both the kingdoms of nature, possesses an intermediate organization.”

And is not this another powerful reason for believing that man was intended to eat every thing which pleased him most? Would nature have given all this fine and elaborate machinery to a being meant to chew grass like an ox, or gnaw bones like a dog? No indeed, nature is too economical to waste so much complex and beautiful organization—glands, ducts, juices, fluids, vessels, secrerets, alterers, rejectors, chymifiers, chylifiers, and a hundred other helps, with the uses and purposes of which the ablest inquirers are yet unacquainted (such as the pancreas or sweet-bread, the spleen, the lymph, &c. &c. &c.):—can any one imagine that all these were furnished merely for show? If so, we will fearlessly assert that they make a very poor figure, even in a *plate*, we mean an *engraving*, and in actual presentation are far from being the most loveable objects which can be seen. We assume it therefore, as fully established, that the whole paraphernalia were designed to be daily and hourly employed, from the duodenum to the colon, and from the colon to the *—*****

We have already alluded to the beneficial effects of one's mouth watering when any thing particularly nice is offered. Dr. P. remarks :

“ In every change which the aliment undergoes, from its introduction into the mouth to the exclusion of its refuse, and the perfect assimilation of its nutritive part with the blood, we shall discover the combined operation of chemical and mechanical agents. When the food enters the mouth, it is at once submitted to the mechanical process of division by the teeth; and, during its mastication, it becomes intimately mixed and combined with a chemical solvent, which prepares it for the process which it has shortly to undergo in the stomach. The quantity of the salivary secretion appears

to be augmented by the pressure occasioned upon the glands by the act of mastication.”

“ The glands appointed to secrete this fluid seem to act in sympathy with those of the stomach, both of which are simultaneously excited by the stimulus of the food, or even by the contemplation of a favourite meal.”

We have seen this fact richly exemplified in the brute creation, by that animal to which we justly ascribe the largest share of sagacity, next to man. Observe a hungry dog when you present to him a nice piece of liver, and withdraw it again. See how the contemplation gloats in his eye, and stimulates the salivary glands, till the chemical fluid distils over both sides of his chops in copious floods. Thus does nature teach us to lick our lips at the mere sight of acceptable viands, and prepare, kind creature, a menstruum to render the savoury dishes perfectly safe and nutritive. Thus sent into the stomach, there they are met by another agent or solvent ready to carry on the good work:—

“ The *gastric juice* is remarkable for three qualities,—a coagulating, antiputrescent, and solvent power. I have already spoken of its coagulating properties. Of its antiseptic powers abundant proofs have been furnished by the experiments of several physiologists. Dr. Forde found that the most putrid meat, after remaining a short time in the stomach of a dog, became perfectly sweet. Spallanzani ascertained that the gastric juice of the crow and the dog will preserve veal and mutton, and without loss of weight, for thirty-seven days in winter; whereas, the same meats, immersed in water, emit a fetid smell as early as the seventh day, and by the thirtieth, are resolved into a state of most offensive putridity. The solvent powers of the stomach are equally remarkable. Reaumur and Spallanzani enclosed pieces of the toughest meats, and of the hardest bones, in small perforated tin cases, to guard against the effects of muscular action, and then introduced them into the stomach of a buzzard: the meats were uniformly found diminished to three fourths of their bulk in the space of twenty-four hours, and reduced to slender threads, and the bones were wholly digested, either upon the first trial, or a few repetitions of it.”

Need we be afraid, then, of what we eat? Is not a man superior in powers to a paltry buzzard? We knew an individual who could breakfast off clasp-knives, and dine off carvers; and we have no doubt that if the science were sedulously and properly cultivated, files, saws, and hatchets might occasionally be taken as whets. To be sure it is not worth while (though we have seen many as idle and foolish achievements aspired to), not only in ordinary affairs, but in arts and sciences), since beef-steaks, cutlets, &c. &c. are not only more digestible, but more agreeable to the palate.

On the subjects of hunger and thirst, and drinking, Dr. Paris has many intelligent observations; and is not sparing of friendly advice. As we all know what hunger and thirst are, we shall not dilate upon these unpleasant sensations; the only praise to be ascribed to either being that they render us capable of certain edacious and bibacious gratifications. Hunger and thirst are, therefore, not to be abused, as they often are by the ignorant and thoughtless, since without them we should be deprived of many pleasures: we forget what rich man it was who, seeing a beggar gnawing a bone, exclaimed, “ Ah, heavens, what would I give to have that happy fellow's appetite!” This topic, however, naturally leads us to the

question of man's omnivorousness which Dr. P. discusses, but which to doubt is, in our opinion, a gross libel upon humanity:—

“ Whether nature originally intended (says the learned writer) that man should feed on animal or vegetable substances, has afforded a fertile theme for discussion. It is not my intention to follow the various authors who have attempted to prove that animal food was not eaten before the deluge, but was introduced in consequence of the deterioration which the herbage sustained on that occasion. Such questions may serve to exercise the ingenuity of the casuist, but they present no interest to the physician. It is sufficiently evident from the structure of our teeth, and from the extent of the alimentary canal being less than that of the vegetable eater, and greater than that of the carnivorous animal, that man is *omnivorous*, and capable of subsisting on aliment of every description. Broussonet, however, is inclined to believe that man is more herbivorous than carnivorous in his nature; and, from the proportion which the different teeth bear to each other, he even ventures to conclude, that his mixed diet should consist of animal and vegetable food in the proportion of 20 to 12. No rule, however, of this nature can possibly be established.”

Then of drinks:—

“ As the introduction of solid aliment into the stomach is for the purpose of furnishing materials for the repair of the different textures of the body, so is a supply of liquid matter essentially necessary to replace those various fluids which are constantly ejected from the body, during the exercise of its different functions. The necessity of this supply, as well as its quantity, are both indicated by a certain feeling which the want of it excites, named *thirst*. In this point of view, therefore, the drinks ought to be considered as real aliments; and, indeed, it is a question whether they may not also undergo certain decompositions in the body, and be made to surrender elements for the formation of solid parts.”

“ In every point of view, therefore, dilution is an essential operation; and an animal will not only endure the sensation of hunger with more tranquillity than that of thirst, but he will survive longer under the privation of solid than of liquid aliment.”

We rejoice to see so able a physician advocate the cause of copious libations. Mr. Abernethy has made a perfect goose of himself by maintaining that we ought not to drink during meals: the true system seems to be, to moisten your solids at the time you dispatch them into the stomach, and, lest in the hurry of business in the eating way you should not have performed this necessary office sufficiently, to drink a good deal after dinner, in order to be quite sure. We do not assert that we have Dr. Paris's direct warrant for this, but venture it as a deduction *nostro periculo*. We ought to mention that the doctor abhors melted butter,* which we accordingly yield up to reprobation; and soda-water † while eating, which is so pleasant that we shall take time to con-

* “ Melted butter is, perhaps, the most injurious of all inventions of cookery.”

† “ The modern custom of drinking this inviting beverage during, or immediately after dinner, has been a pregnant source of dyspepsia. By inflating the stomach at such a period, we inevitably counteract those muscular contractions of its coats which are essential to chymification. The quantity of soda thus introduced scarcely deserves notice: with the exception of the carbonic acid gas, it may be regarded as water, more mischievous only in consequence of the exhilarating quality inducing us to take it at a period at which we should not require the more simple fluid.”

sider of it, and in the interim, i. e. during the cold weather of winter, discontinue the practice.

Upon a general review of the work in hand we gather that

Fish	is excellent and nutritive.
Meats	do. do. do.
Poultry	do. do. do.
Venison and Game	do.
Vegetables	do. do.

Yet though all these materials are separately so estimable, it is strange that Dr. P. should dispraise them in the aggregate. He speaks of "the mischief which arises from the too-prevaling fashion of introducing at our meals an almost indefinite succession of incompatible dishes. The stomach being distended with soup, the digestion of which, from the very nature of the operations which are necessary for its completion, would in itself be a sufficient labour for that organ, is next tempted with fish, rendered indigestible from its sauces; then with flesh and fowl; the vegetable world, as an intelligent reviewer has observed, is ransacked from the *cryptogamia* upwards; and to this miscellaneous aggregate, is added the pernicious pasticcios of the pastry-cook, and the complex combinations of the confectioner. All these evils, and many more, have those who move in the ordinary society of the present day to contend with. It is not to one or two good dishes, even abundantly indulged in, but to the over-loading the stomach, that such strong objections are to be urged; nine persons in ten eat as much soup and fish as would amply suffice for a meal, and, as far as soup and fish are concerned, would rise from the table, not only satisfied, but saturated. A new stimulus appears in the form of stewed beef, or *côtelettes à la suprême*; then comes a Bayonne or Westphalia ham, or a pickled tongue, or some analogous salted, but proportionately indigestible dish, and of each of these enough for a single meal. But this is not all; game follows; and to this again succeeds the sweets, and a quantity of cheese. The whole is crowned with a variety of flatulent fruits and indigestible knick-knacks, included under the name of dessert, in which we must not forget to notice a mountain of sponge cake. Thus, then, it is, that the stomach is made to receive, not one full meal, but a succession of meals rapidly following each other, and vying in their miscellaneous and pernicious nature with the ingredients of Macbeth's caldron. Need the philosopher, then, any longer wonder at the increasing number and severity of dyspeptic complaints, with their long train of maladies, amongst the higher classes of society? 'Innumerabiles morbos non miraberis, coquos numera.'

This appears to us to be monstrously inconsistent and futile: and as for the notion that the gastric juice would be puzzled by the variety, and not know which to attack first, we hold it to be utterly groundless and ridiculous. Our word for it, let this active juice alone, and it will settle them all successively, or in the lump: if it cannot chymify turbot and *côtelettes à la suprême* in precisely the same space, you may depend upon it that the latter will not be long after the other in being properly disposed of. All that is wanted is a willing mind at the table, and an undisturbed mind for a few hours after the cloth is removed—our worthy friend *Gastritis* will do the rest satisfactorily, were the *coquos numera* tenfold more numerous. We hate such silly apprehensions; besides, to entertain them is a shameful act of injustice towards a faithful, diligent, and admirable servant; an affront, if any thing could not be, not to be digested.

As some amends for this heresy, however, we are glad to see that Dr. P. warmly recommends efficient breakfasts:—

"As all the food in the body has, during the night, been digested, we might presume, that a person in the morning ought to feel an appetite on rising. This, however, is not always the fact; the gastric juice does not appear to be secreted in any quantity during sleep, while the muscular energies of the stomach, although invigorated by repose, are not immediately called into action: it is therefore advisable to allow an interval to pass before we commence the meal of breakfast. We seem to depart more from the customs of our hardy ancestors, with regard to breakfast, than any other meal. A maid of honour in the court of Elizabeth breakfasted upon beef, and drank ale after it; while the sportsman, and even the day labourer of the present day frequently breakfast upon tea."

This should be reformed, undoubtedly; but we refer to the *Treatise* for farther instructions. We are still more enchanted with our author, for the manly and scientific stand he has made against one of the foulest impostors who ever disgraced the annals of mankind, and yet one who has had numerous partizans and mouth-worshippers; we allude to the celebrated and infamous Lewis Cornaro, whom the puny Addison so banegyzed in his *Spectator*. Well does Dr. Paris exclaim:

"When I see the habits of Cornaro so incessantly introduced as an example for imitation, and as the standard of dietetic perfection, I am really inclined to ask with Feyjoo,—did God create Lewis Cornaro to be a rule for all mankind in what they were to eat and drink? Nothing can be more absurd than to establish a rule of weight and measure upon such occasions. Individuals differ from each other so widely in their capacities for food, that to attempt the construction of a universal standard, is little less absurd than the practice of the philosophical tailors of Laputa, who wrought by mathematical calculation, and entertained a supreme contempt for those humble and illiterate fashions who went to work by measuring the person of their customer; but Gulliver tells us, that the worst clothes he ever wore were constructed on abstract principles."

We hope, as Pompey (Shakspeare's Pompey, in *Measure for Measure*,) says, we hope that "here be facts," and logic too, to annihilate the twelve ounces a day cheat, whom the egregious followers of the *Spectator* (*imitatores servum pecus*) have so long insulted common-sense by holding up as a model. We wonder they did not conjoin the living skeleton upon the throne with them: if the *Literary Gazette* had been as stupid as the former periodical, to set the example, this would have happened; it would have been repeated by all our imitators and copyists—and future generations would have been taught to believe that *Monsieur Rat* was a pattern for Englishmen to eat and drink by. Horrible supposition!

The bare idea deprives us of the power to write more. We shall only add that Dr. P. completely exposes the dangerous effects of admitting gas-lights into the interior of houses, teaches us to laugh at the present quack humbug about white mustard seed, and if he hardly allows flannel next the skin in the day time, absolutely prohibits it as injurious at night. With these and a multitude of other judicious remarks we most cordially agree; and we are sure that we cannot do readers of every class a more essential service than by advising them (and we do it without a fee) to possess them-

selves of, and carefully study this truly excellent volume.

The Political Primer; or, Road to Public Honours. Crown 8vo. pp. 194. London, 1826. Colburn.

We have delayed our notice of this clever volume till parliament and the country should be severally recomposed; till the tumult and fever of the elections should have subsided, and readers and representatives be at leisure to enjoy the pleasantries and profit by the precepts which the *Political Primer* presents.

The book before us is not a mere *jeu d'esprit*: indeed it might have been made more jocular, without being rendered less valuable. It consists of a series of maxims (enunciated with peculiar point, and founded upon an accurate knowledge of the principles of human action,) touching the best modes of transforming candidates into efficient members of parliament. The first chapter is on the *advertisement*, and denounces—in our opinion, with singular propriety—all political arguments, phrasemaking, and "beseaching demands." The latter practice in particular is decidedly to be condemned: seats in parliament ought not to be gained by excessive humility; nor are those members the most likely to be regarded as men of talents, who profess to have none. *The canvass* forms the topic in the second chapter; in which the author of the *Political Primer* tells us, that his maxims "are intended as a satire on the course of conduct prescribed;" an assertion which we hope is made *en badinage*, for his rules for canvassing exhibit an acquaintance with life and nature as remarkable as the application of them is universal among all clever candidates. For example:—

"In conversation, the ladies are to be addressed most particularly; and of all parts of the difficult art of canvassing, this conversation is the most difficult to succeed in; for ladies have much more quickness of perception than the other sex, and can instinctively penetrate the views of him who addresses them for any purpose of his own. Whatever mine he works is sure to be countermined, unless he can force some strong passion to co-operate with him; and therefore such ministers as Richelieu and Mazarin, who worked by the feelings of the few, and not the interests of the many, were earnest in selecting for all delicate negotiations those men whose qualities enabled them to make strong impressions upon the hearts of women. But vanity is a passion in some characters much stronger than love; and if it works in union with a candidate, he will be sure of success in his canvass amongst the ladies. Let him beware of talking to a talker, or forcing one to talk who dislikes to lead the conversation. A few short sentences, suggesting subjects, may be aptly inserted in the interstices of the one's volubility, and the other permitted to remain silent, by a conversation which only requires to be assented to."

"It has been remarked, that indiscriminate acquiescence and universal flattery generally do more harm than good: there is sometimes great advantage to be derived from opposition and ridicule. In most families there is a secret contention between husband and wife, with respect to all objects of taste; and it delights each to have the other's fancies opposed by a stranger of consideration. 'Now, Mr. A., say candidly, what do you think of our new gateway? is it not just like the entrance to an hospital?' If the husband is in the habit of yielding in the actual contest, every lively sally at his expense will strengthen the candidate's

interest in that family; but if the lady yields, it is dangerous to reverse the practice: for although it may do good as far as the husband's vote goes, there are a thousand indirect ways in which it may do injury. As a general rule, a man may be safely laughed at to gain a point with his wife; but it is rarely prudent to ridicule the lady, however it may please or gratify her help-mate. The lady's influence is like magnetism or electricity, acting unseen in a thousand directions; the husband's is as uniform, perceptible, and downright, as common gravity; his weight and direction are known to every body."

"No kind of flattery is oftener practised before an election, than dancing with those excellent girls who are loved by their own sex with warmth, though not considered by the other as worthy of any particular attention. Candidates generally discover suddenly that the female friends are right, and these girls are amiable and engaging to a great degree, if their fathers or brothers have freeholds, or an intimacy with those who hold them. It is understood that pleasant feelings are seldom analyzed by those who experience them; and when the small squire and his lady see their dear little girl handed out by the Honourable Mr. So-and-so, they don't inquire why or wherefore he has done her so great an honour. Sometimes, however, it happens that the girl has too much discernment to be duped, and that every fine speech made to her by her partner is placed to the credit of his opponent. All this depends upon tact; some men perceive at a glance that a girl is superior to election flattery; and while their rivals are endeavouring to entertain her with something little better than euphemism, employ themselves in paying every attention to the mother; conversing with her upon all those points which most please her vanity, and renewing the pleasing recollections of her dancing days: thus the daughter will be out of patience with the common place of one candidate, and the mother delighted with the insensible adulmentation of the other."

The third chapter is on the delicate subject of *Resources*; in which we think the author has not sufficiently explained to the candidate the many ingenious ways in which, at an election, cabbages may be raised to ten pounds a piece, and cats be in great demand; in which jobbing contracts for building may be made to operate in Scotland, and shillelahs in Ireland; and how English voters may best and longest enjoy ale, independence, cockades, and coaches. Without the latter, indeed, an independent elector (as Sheridan said) is an elector who cannot be depended upon; for what patriotic voter ever loved his country so much as a carriage and four? Besides, let us examine the state of the case a little. No man can be expected to love his country who does not love his neighbours; and is it not, therefore, very right and natural that he should wish to be with them, and enjoy their enjoyment all the festivities of an election—carriages, symposia, dinners? No man can be expected to admire Britannia who has not a strong liking for his own wife or sweetheart: does it not follow, therefore, that every true patriot must covet ribbons, processions, entertainments, balls, and salutations for the fair object of his pride and adoration? No man is a true John Bull who does not love himself; therefore, whenever you see an elector disregard his own interests and his own gratification, you may rest assured he is a Radical, who does not care a fig for old England's prosperity.—Q. E. D.

The chapters on speaking are "full of wise saws and modern instances." Among other things, it is judiciously remarked, that one of the greatest proofs of wit is the use of figurative language precisely adapted to persons, things, times, circumstances, and places. This "wise saw" is illustrated by some "modern instances" of Mr. Canning's parliamentary eloquence—need we say more in the praise of its exquisite propriety? Most justly does the author remark—

"Of all the orators we know, there is but one who has escaped the benumbing effect of the formalities of modern routine, and who combines the raciness of untutored eloquence, with the methodical arrangement and varied stores supplied by education and research. Though living amongst mere officials, his phrases sparkle like the dew-drops, and his images are fresh as early verdure: in discursive eloquence, he bounds along the course like a young steed just broken from the stall. Let the young aspirant consider how Mr. Canning learned to employ imagery, in his extemporaneous bursts of eloquence. Some twenty years ago, he took a ride amongst the mountains of Westmoreland, at a time when nature was displaying one of those singular effects which are only to be seen in such a country. The valley to its extremity was filled with a white mass of thickened vapour, which seemed gradually expanding, to involve the nearest hills, and only a few distant peaks were clear and well defined. A broad glare of light fell upon some paltry objects in the fore-ground, which acquired additional deformity from their illumination, like the wrinkles in a face by Rembrandt. Mr. Canning stopped his horse at once, and said inwardly, 'Here is a precise image of the present state of Europe—the noble features of the landscape, the rocks, and woods, and streams, and ancient buildings wrapped in murky fog, which even these hills cannot resist, and a few sordid huts alone are decked in sunshine.' While he communed thus with his own mind, a blast came through an opening of the mountains, and the mist began to rise: a bright gleam fell upon some distant buildings, and the fore-ground became obscured with a black shadow. 'Here,' said he, with animation, 'we behold the towers and battlements of ancient institutions emerging from the mist that has so long involved them:'—and thus, in dwelling with delight upon the anticipation of that result which the subsequent victory at Vittoria realised, he treasured up the image and the very words with which he entered the house, when he rose to give his vote of thanks to the hero who had conquered. So with extemporaneous wit:—the same great statesman very lately walked alone from his villa at Brompton across Kew-green to Richmond, and, while passing some sawyers working near the road, he heard one man say to another, 'Tom, here's a cheese-cake for you.' 'No,' said he, 'I never eat cheese-cakes.' 'Why so?' 'Because my inside ain't clever.'—Such was the dialogue of the sawyers, which the same great statesman soon appropriated; and the next time Mr. Robertson labours to overthrow the system of free trade, he will probably receive, extempore, the following reply:—'Sir, I never was able to perceive a resemblance between free trade and cheese-cakes, until I heard a dialogue a few days since, between two sawyers; one of them told the other, he could never digest a cheese-cake, because his inside wasn't clever: now this is the precise reason why the honourable gentleman cannot digest my honourable friend's re-

solutions in favour of free trade. It therefore appears, that free trade and cheese-cakes have one quality in common, that they can only be digested by those whose insides are clever.'

There was one speech of Mr. Canning's which, by being grossly misreported, and more grossly misrepresented, was made the theme of much clamour at the time, but which, read at this day, when these delusions and the feelings stirred up by them are forgotten or despised, might be quoted entire as one of the happiest effusions of wit, ridicule, and argument which was ever uttered within the walls of St. Stephens. We allude to that in which Sir John Byng's exertions to put down the disturbances in the northern districts were introduced: it is, in parts, a model to show how admirably a playful humour may be made to bear upon a question, in aid of solid reasoning, and the combination of both be irresistible and unanswerable. It is like playing with lightning; which is at once a flash to admire and dread, —a beautiful coruscation, and a consuming flame.

In the author's rules for speaking from the hustings, we do not quite agree with him. He seems to have confined his experience to Southwark and Covent Garden, when he asserts that a man is best qualified for this sort of oratory who is "loudest voiced, most rufian, most heartless, and most impudent." His model of a hustings harangue, seems to us to be in marvellously bad taste; and "Alcibiades," "the dog Billy," &c., &c., would unquestionably suffer the fate of martyrs, however indifferent Christians they may be reckoned, if they ventured upon such a stage. We marvel that the intelligent author of the *Political Primer* should have given no rules for the most approved methods of returning thanks for the candidate's election: but perhaps he thought that the gratitude of members (like that of lovers in novels) should be so great as to deprive them of the power of speech.

The next chapter presents to us the young senator "in the house," fully endowed with the privilege of franking letters and inflicting speeches—if he can speak. In general, members of parliament resemble those portraits which the newspapers eulogise, by saying, that they "do every thing but speak,"—or those heads which poets mean to praise, when they say, that they

—from the animated canvass come,

Demanding souls.

To the gentlemen, however, who are qualified by nature or education for saying something more than *Ay* or *No*, or dealing with the meteorological questions and answers in eternal use among Englishmen, the author recommends the avoidance of general views, classical allusions, and figurative language,—an advice which, though extremely sensible, might have been spared, as few members are guilty of any such enormities.

On speaking in the house of lords, the author says, "The essentials of oratory here, are elevation of style and dignity of manner. The levity and humour permitted in the house of commons can never be indulged in here, without a breach of decorum."

He therefore advises all young peers to gravity and seriousness, and gives a specimen of the *beau idéal* of a speech in the lords, which reminds us very forcibly of Joseph Surface's vein of oratory. "Speaking before the king," however, is an admirable chapter: we extract the half dozen lines of which it consists, to shew that the author of the *Primer* does not always mean to be ironical in his counsels.

" In speaking before the king, there is no place for ornament, not for a superfluous word. The argument should be founded upon unquestionable documents, framed with the closeness and connexion of a theorem, and propounded in grave and simple sentences in the style of propositions. It is not to be supposed that the crown has a moment to bestow upon the eloquence of its subjects."

There are some able remarks on the nonsensical petitions often presented to the house; and the book concludes with an appendix, the first part of which gives rules and some good examples for political squibs, and the second, some considerations, very emphatically expressed, for the benefit of the young member.

We regret that our limits have obliged us to give so much from ourselves and so little from the able author of the Political Primer: but we hope the brief extracts we have made, will induce all our readers to indemnify themselves for our dissertations, by turning to the abundant anecdotes, the playful satire, and the abundant scutiness of the book we have been reviewing.

Truth: A Novel. By the author of "Nothing." 3 vols. Hunt and Clarke.

It is a fortunate thing for mankind that dullness and stupidity are often the concomitants of wickedness and depravity. These volumes are a striking proof of this combination; and so singularly devoid of any shew of talent or interest to attract the unwary, that we should hold ourselves inexcusable in drawing public attention to them, were it not to warn readers against being deceived by the puffs which accompany their advertisement, and to which we cannot shut our pages.* These puffs we might well say flow from equally polluted sources with the detestable publication whose vile principles they endeavour to recommend, but that they happen to be identical. The author of *Truth* and the author of the *Lies* which praise it, under the title of "The Examiner," &c., are one and the same: the book is as odious a compound of tiresome drivelling and of disgusting vice as ever issued from the press. It is well that there is neither story, nor incident, nor ability of any kind, to attract popularity;—the most ardent disciple of the worst of doctrines could not have patience to drag through the tedious mass of its insipid trash. It details the persecutions suffered by the heroine in the cause of Truth,—Truth, in the esteem of this cockney scribe being infidelity and atheism;—elegant and delightful accomplishments in a youthful female! Her father is an "Episcopal" (what that is, perhaps the writer could inform us?), and her mother a Presbyterian; and, between the two, Miss is of no religion at all,—genuine, perfect, free-thinking model for her sex, who at five or six years of age, is thus infamously made to speak in polemical discussion, telling her father of her mother's misconduct.

" My mother asked me what I had read about that day? I said, the story of Jacob and Esau, and she would have my opinion of it. I said, I wondered God could like a man who had cheated his brother, and told lies to his father. I did not know it was a sin to say what I thought, especially when I was pressed to do it; but that was not the worst; it was not for that she whipped me. She gave me a reason for Jacob and his mother acting as they

did,—indeed two reasons." "What were they?" She said that God had ordained it all, because Jesus Christ, his son, the saviour of the world, was to spring from Jacob, and not from Esau. I happened to reply, "That is very odd!" and she said, "What is odd?" I was vexed that I said it, but I was much surprised. And she insisted upon my telling why I thought it odd. It was long before I would speak, but you had told me to fear nothing so much as a lie; and at last I answered, "It is wonderful that God should ordain mean tricks, and that his son should have had such a grandfather!"

We ought to beg pardon of our respectable readers for quoting such disgusting language; but when condemning strongly, as we are bound to do, so diabolical a production as this is, we hold ourselves obliged to shew that our censures are provoked by the atrocity of the offence.

Throughout the three volumes, the sacred scriptures are held up, with all the wretched skill of the author, to the reader's contempt; and the believers in Christianity invariably drawn either as weak fools or guilty hypocrites. What will be thought of the writer's own folly and black-heartedness, when we cite, for the indignation of every honest and sensible mind, the two following passages, with which if we stain our *Gazette*, it is because their loathsome drivelling is a certain antidote to their poisonous intention. A clergyman writes thus to the young lady whose words we have already quoted:

"I question whether I am wise in making the following frank statement, but I delight in truth, and throw myself on your candour. You are only one amongst thousands of at least nominal Christians, who doubt; and, I grieve to say it, millions will still do so. Yet these people pass by without censure, go on without remark! Why? Because they hold their tongues. I do not reproach you for having spoken as you did, because, as I can gather, you were put to the torture, and forced to speak; therefore I pity you the more, and deplore your fate with a deeper sorrow. But I have got more to say on the score of doubt; there are hundreds of ourselves,—clergy I mean,—and not bad men either, who have had, who still have, their doubts. Aye! who hold up a high head and a bold front in the very pulpit, with many a scaring hesitation. But what can they do? They have been bred to it, and they must preach or starve. Nay, would you believe it? they have a mode, and as sure as thy soul liveth, and as my soul liveth, I think it a conscientious one, of satisfying themselves:—in the first place, no human being can be sure that his doubts are any better founded than that faith which he is inclined to smile at; and if they were sure, where is the system so useful,—may I not say so beautiful, which can be put in its stead?"

Infamous as this is, it falls short of the bold profanity of the avowals with which the work concludes; and of which we shall give but a brief example. The passages are from the last letter of the heroine.

" Let us yield the fall of man. Say that his perversity was uncontrollable; that he would eat the forbidden fruit, notwithstanding the fatherly care of God, and an express command. My dear sir, whither does this lead us? Could God not forgive this trespass?—that which every child commits down to the present day. Could God make no allowance for the small chance which a soul oppressed by gross matter had against pure spirit? against the arch fiend whom heaven itself could not control? No;

the justice of God was inflexible. Although he is amenable to none; although there was then no human society which lenity might cheat into farther crime, still, still there was no appeal from this severe justice. Divine wrath must be satisfied.—Divine wrath!!! My most soul groans at the sound. If the clergy knew how they make humanity in its every sense rebel, by their declamations on this subject; if they could but open their eyes, and see how it smells of priesthood, they would, for the mere sake of that morality which is embodied in the system of Christ, abandon the theme. But to whom was this justice to be rendered? To God. And truly God took full measure to himself. Pray where was justice to man? Here was a spirit cumbered with flesh, beset by active senses, all clamorous for gratification. Eye, taste, smell—curiosity, the offspring of the whole,—tempt him. Nay more, it was foreseen, pre-ordained, that man must eat the forbidden morsel. Was it just, was it ordinary compassion, to create one being under such fatal circumstances, when he *must* err, and when rigid justice *must* be satisfied? Was the hand of God forced to the deed, or was he impelled by curiosity to see how this puppet, this thing of clay would act? But how much less just still, how much less even humane, to create an endless continuity of beings all doomed, all fitted for destruction! !"

But we need go no farther in this painful illustration. We congratulate the public again on the fact that the book is as unattractive as it is offensive. Its miserable style, its being devoid of fable or incident to create an interest, its heavy, prosing, wearisome arguments to destroy every virtuous feeling and religious sentiment, its vapid prolixity and inanity are safeguards sufficient against any mischief it might do. The same pernicious spirit, if coupled with wit, humour, or talent, might have produced evil consequences; as it is, *Truth* is too stupid to be read, and must fall a dead letter on the hands of its equally imbecile and infamous author, who by disquising it with the name, but giving it none of the amusing qualities of a novel, has only made his failure the more complete.

Anderson's Mission to Sumatra.

From the quotations and remarks to which this volume led us in our last *Gazette*, a correct idea may be formed of the more refined natives who dwell upon the coast,* and have been civilised by commercial intercourse with other people; but in the interior, besides the Siackians, clothed with the bark of trees, as already mentioned, the situation and habits of the Sumatrans more in the interior, are deplorably different. The Battas are divided into several tribes, some of them addicted to cannibalism even in excess. This fact has been doubted, but after reading Mr. Anderson, the doubt, we are sorry to say, must vanish.

Of these Battas we learn.—"The Karakarau and other tribes which are not addicted to cannibalism, are extremely avaricious; and

* The first trade which the English had with Sumatra was in the latter part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The king, at that time, was called Sultan Aladin, who entertained her majesty's envoy with great state. He sent six elephants, with drums, trumpets, &c. to bring him to court; and gave him calico, wrought with gold. At a feast, the dishes, we are told, were of gold or tambaycke, (gold and brass mixed); they had a wine made from rice, and dancing girls. The sultan was attended by forty women, with fans, clothes, singing, and other offices. He had a hundred gallies, the largest capable of containing 400 men.—[See James Lancaster. See *Pocock*.] Sumatra, with all the wealth described by Mr. Anderson, has therefore declined much within the last two centuries.—*Ez. L.G.*

* We do not think the Editor of a public journal authorised to reject any advertisement not obviously immoral, or couched like those of some quack medicines and publications, in indecent language.

in proportion as they have had dealings with the Malays, they become cunning. They are extremely fond of amassing money, which makes them industrious, notwithstanding they are addicted to gambling, opium-smoking, and other vicious propensities. They are proud and independent, and cannot bear any restraint on their inclinations, becoming in this case furious and desperate. The other tribes who are addicted to cannibalism are (with some few exceptions), more artless, careless about money, and more honest in their dealings."

"It is not," continues the author, "for the sake of food that the natives devour human flesh, but to gratify their malignant and demon-like feelings of animosity against their enemies. Some few there are, however, of such brutal and depraved habits, as to be unable, from custom, to relish any other food. The rajah of Tanah Jawa, one of the most powerful and independent Batta chiefs, if he does not eat human flesh every day, is afflicted with a pain in his stomach, and will eat nothing else. He orders one of his slaves (when no enemies can be procured, nor criminals for execution,) to go out to a distance, and kill a man now and then, which serves him for some time, the meat being cut into slices, put into joints of bamboo, and deposited in the earth for several days, which softens it. The parts usually preferred, however, by epicures, are the feet, hands, ears, navel, lips, tongue, and eyes. This monster, in the shape of a man, is not content with even this fare, but takes other and more brutal methods for gratifying his depraved appetite. A Batta, when he goes to war, is always provided with salt and lime-juice, which he carries in a small mat bag on his left side. He who is the first to lay his hands upon an enemy, at a general assault of a fort, obtains particular distinction by seizing a certain part of the body with his teeth. The head is immediately cut off. If the victim is warm, the blood is greedily drank by these savages, holding the head by the hair above their mouths. The principal cannibal states are Seanar, Silow, Tannah, Jawa, Sependan, Purba, Semalongan, Selukong, Leabat, Krian Usang, Semapang, Pendolok, Ria Mahriat Ria, Pagar Tangah, Naga Saribu, Nagore, Linga, Perdumbanan, Sepukkah, Dorma Rajah, Bundar, Mirbow, Dolok, Munto Panei, Selumpinang, all independent states under separate rajahs, many of them speaking different dialects, and of various habits and manners. All these states are inland of Delli, Sirdang, Bedagai, Batuhara, Assahan, and Panei. The country throughout is represented to be very populous."

Batuhara, the country of the Battas, is "so called from a large stone in the interior, which at night has the appearance of being red hot, and throws a light round it. Batu signifies stone, and Bara live coals, or glowing cinders: and respecting its inhabitants, we select in addition, the following extracts—

"The Battas of Batuhara are a particularly ferocious race, and cannot be persuaded to give their attention to agriculture, or the quiet pursuits of commerce, being constantly engaged in warfare with each other. Both the tumungong and the Sri Maharaja had lived a long time in the Batta country, and were married, one to the daughter of the rajah of Seanar, the other to the daughter of the Rajah Tanah Jawa, two principal cannibal chiefs. A stout, ferocious-looking fellow, with muscular bandy legs, came in as I was conversing on the subject of cannibalism, and was pointed out to me as a celebrated marksman and man-eater. He

had a most determined look, and my draughtsman took a remarkably striking likeness of him. I made particular inquiries of him, and he gave me the following horrid details of cannibalism. He said that young men were soft, and their flesh watery. The most agreeable and delicate eating was that of a man whose hair had begun to turn gray."

"The Battas who reside in the interior of Assahan, have a belief in three gods, one above, one in the air, and one below; but they offer no petitions, nor do they shew any symptoms of adoration to any one of the three. Their only mode of worship is beating the drum. They believe that when they die they shall become ghosts. In the evening we were entertained with Batta dances. A Pardimban boy danced with great spirit, but his gestures were more agile than graceful. A little Batta girl, as fair as a Chinese, from Bulah, also went through a number of evolutions. Here, as at other places, the natives are passionately fond of music; and the moment it was whispered that a violin was in my boat, an immense crowd assembled, who amused themselves till a late hour. This is by far the most favourable time for conversing with the Malays, when their hearts are open, and, being enlivened with music, they lay aside all suspicion and restraint, and enter into the most unreserved communications. I attribute, in a good degree, the extraordinary success of my mission, to this attention to embrace the most favourable opportunities, and to my appearing easy and indifferent, as not having any weighty affair on hand. The chiefs are fond of exhibiting their children in their fine clothes, and covered with jewels. Being partial to children, they were brought out before me in great numbers, and I gave them small presents. Nothing pleases a Malay more than partiality to their children; and I could observe the fond looks of the mothers, who modestly retired behind the canopies with which the place was hung round, as their little innocents were presented to me, watching the reception they experienced, and listening attentively to my partial remarks upon their appearance. It may appear perhaps puerile in me to notice all these little circumstances; but an attention to the most minute ceremonies, or an anxiety to conform to the peculiar habits and prejudices of the Malays, is necessary to insure a hospitable reception from them, and to secure their confidence, which, when once established, is unbounded, and cannot be shaken. There are many amiable traits in the character of Malays, which a superficial observer does not discover; among others, a warmth and attachment to their offspring which is extremely pleasing."

"During the morning, several large parties of Tubba Battas descended the steep pathways on the opposite side of the river. They resembled wild goats clambering down the rugged crags. In crossing the ferry, one party had over-loaded the boat, which sank under them, and damaged all their little merchandise, which they had brought across the country several days' journey. They come from the borders of the great lake. Their merchandise consisted of cotton, the coarse cloths of their own manufacture, twine, sword handles, blades, &c. At the place they come from, rice is 100 gantons per dollar; salt 3 and 4 gantons per dollar. They were dressed entirely in their own manufactures, with webs of bark of trees round their heads and waist. Of these I obtained several specimens. They are a dark, ill-looking race, some of them resembling Burmese. Every thing was new to them. Even a small looking-glass was a novelty. I distributed two

or three, and the Battas evinced the greatest delight in looking at their faces. One chief, whom I presented with one, said he was happier than if I had given him 50 dollars. The Battas called Europeans 'Malayu dangan gigi putih,' *Malays with white teeth*. We were now in the heart of the cannibal country, and I was determined to investigate the habits and manners of the people while I remained. I again ascended the hill to the Batta village, where a large crowd assembled in and round the balei or hall, sharpening creeses and swords, and making creese handles, &c. I did not observe the heads of any victims here; but upon speaking to the rajah of Munto Panei on the subject, he told me of a man who had been eaten only six days before, at one of the villages close at hand, and that if I wished, he would immediately send and get the head for me. He accordingly despatched some of his people; and shortly afterwards we observed a large party of Battas coming down the mountain, with this trophy of victory. This unfortunate wretch was devoured, I was informed, in five minutes, each warrior obtaining only a very small piece. The body was shared out as children do cakes at home. I shall never forget the impression upon my mind at the sight of a bare skull, suspended at one end of a stick, a bunch of plantains on the other extremity, and slung over a man's shoulder. The chief of the village accompanied it, and brought with him to the rajah of Munto Panei, six slaves, who had been caught two days before, viz. four women and two children. I was offered many slaves, but refused the acceptance of them. I might have seen the disgusting ceremony of eating human flesh, had I chosen to accompany the rajah to the fort, which he was about to attack (and which he was prevented from doing two days before by my arrival) with 500 men; but thinking it not improbable that some poor wretch might be sacrificed to shew me the ceremony, I declined witnessing it. They seemed quite surprised that I should have entertained a doubt of the prevalence of cannibalism. The rajah was about to besiege eight forts, under the authority of Rajah Tinding, of the tribe Terdolo. At several of the adjacent forts were seen dozens of skulls hung up in the balei. The heads of the people killed in war are reckoned valuable property, and a chief is considered rich according to the number of such trophies which he possesses. The friends of the deceased, when peace is restored, purchase the skulls of their relations, sometimes as high as 30 or 40 dollars. The rajah's mother gave the man who brought the skull to me, ten dollars. Immense crowds of Battas, men and women, continued to flock in on the side of the river, when I returned to the boat; and there were some interesting groups of women, who were going out to commence their labour of cutting down paddy, &c. The dress of these women consisted of a scant petticoat, which scarcely reached to the knee, and their breasts were quite bare. I never saw such savages. They were very dark and ill-featured. At the other villages, too, the women were in the same state of nudity, and girls of 10 and 12 years of age appeared without any clothing at all. It by no means follows that the women who wear few clothes are less virtuous than the others. Indeed, I believe the contrary to be the case, and both they and the men to be more particular than those who are more polished in their dress and manners. I observed, indeed, a natural timidity and bashfulness about these, which was not so perceptible in others who resided in the Malay chief's house.

The young rajah's house is full of women, some of them beautifully fair. I saw not less than fifty good-looking girls in his house. If a Batta rajah refuses to give him a daughter, he makes war upon him, on some pretence or other, and takes them by force. The rajah of Munte Panei assists him with men, and shares in the spoil, while his people feast upon the slain. Some of these chiefs' daughters, of the Pardimbanan tribe (the Tubbas are the dark race), are beautifully fair. In their manner there was a freedom which I had not observed anywhere else. The young men and women were playing and pinching each other, and shewing other symptoms of the softer passion, like the country lads and lasses at a wake at home. I was frequently asked how many wives I had; and upon telling them that our laws admitted of only one, they were quite astonished. The king's mother and grandmother, the only two ladies I conversed with, expressed even more surprise than the men on this matter."

"A curious little Batta child was brought in, whose back was covered with hair like a buffaloe. She came from the interior of Panei. Close to the shabundar's house, in an open shed, I observed a man chained to a post by his neck, and his feet secured in stocks. He was a Tubba slave, who had been converted to Islamism, and had been many years in bondage. He had run away some years, and had been brought back only a few days. He was to be confined till he could be sold; his price was fifteen dollars. A little coarse rice was his only food, and an old mat spread upon a floor of hard lanys, his miserable bed."

"One or two Battas who came from a place called Tongking, also mentioned their having partaken of human flesh repeatedly, and expressed their anxiety to enjoy a similar feast upon some of the enemy, pointing to the other side of the river. This they said was their principal inducement for engaging in the service of the sultan. Another displayed, with signs of particular pride and satisfaction, a kris, with which he said he had killed the seducer of his wife, and whose head he had severed from his body, holding it by the hair, and drinking the blood as it yet ran warm from the veins. He pointed to a spot of blood on the kris, which he requested me to remark, which he said was the blood of his victim, and which he put to his nose, smelling it with a rest difficult to describe, and his features assuming at the same time a ferocity of expression which would not have been very agreeable, had not my safety been guaranteed by my watchful sepoy guard. The sultan's force consisted of about 400 men, one-third of them at least such savages as I have been describing. Their food consisted of the flesh of tigers, elephants, hogs, snakes, dogs, rats, or whatever offal they could lay their hands upon. Having no religion, they fear neither God nor man. They believe that, when they die, they shall become wind"—[a remarkable superstition].

"The provision boat not being able to keep up with ours, and being very anxious to push on, I contented myself with the sultan's frugal fare, and ate a little rice boiled by the Batta slaves, some black salt, and the leg of a fowl burnt over the fire, its throat cut ten minutes before. The sultan himself was the executioner, with a little knife which he always carried about him for the purpose. He invariably looked towards the sun on grasping the head of the fowl, and cut the outer skin all around, according to the Mussulman custom."

The execution of offenders is as barbarous

and horrible as cannibalism itself—"They put the criminal into a hole, tie both his hands, and make him kneel down. The executioner then stabs him with a spear on the left shoulder, the criminal's hands are loosened, and the executioner jumps upon him, presses him into the hole, and covers him over with earth instantaneously. If two people fight, and blood is drawn on the head, the party who has inflicted the wound pays eight dollars, a goat, one cabong of white cloth, and a bundle of serce; the goat is sacrificed, and the priests are assembled to pray. If the body is wounded, the fine is four dollars, a fowl, yellow rife, and serce. For smaller offences, flogging with a rattan is the usual punishment."

We shall cite but one other characteristic trait, and conclude with a few notices of natural history.

"About ten o'clock we were suddenly involved in perfect obscurity, an eclipse of the moon taking place, which lasted for two hours; during which there was an incessant firing of guns at the villages, to assist the moon, as the Mata Mata told us, in its distress. The old woman all the while was vociferating, and making the most frightful noise, exclaiming, 'O Sun, let go the Moon.' It was amusing to observe the superstitious vagaries of this old woman."

In the Assahan river "the alligators are very numerous, and particularly bold. Hundreds of people have lost their lives by these devouring animals. About an hour after we anchored, a man was pulled out of a low canoe near us, and devoured in a moment; and a few days before, one of the crew belonging to Che Ismael, my pilot's boat, a powerful, stout, young man, who was sitting at the stern of the boat, steering with a paddle, was snatched off. They raise their heads a foot or two out of the water, and pull the people out of the boats. About a month ago, a boat with three horses and six goats, which the Rajah Muda was sending down the river, to be embarked on board a large prow going to Pinang, was attacked by a whole swarm of these ferocious creatures, which surrounded the boat on all sides. Being low and rickety, the horses took fright, and began to kick, on which the boat upset. Another small boat in company instantly saved the three or four Malays who were in the boat; but the horses and goats were devoured in an instant. Near the mouth of the river, where there is a fishing-house, there is an alligator of a most prodigious size, his back, when a little out of the water, resembling a large rock. He remains constantly there, and is regularly fed upon the head and entrails of the large pari, or skate fish which are caught there. I saw him, and the Malays called him to his meal. He appeared full twenty feet long. Being in rather a small boat at the time, I wished to make all haste away; but the Malays assured me he was quite harmless, so much so, that his feeders pat his head with their hands; a dangerous amusement certainly, but shewing the wonderful tameness and sagacity of the creature, naturally so ferocious. He will not allow any other alligator to approach the place; and on that account the Malays almost worship him. In going into the river near the entrance, where the water is shallow, we several times touched the alligators and large saw-fish (which are here immensely large), and they shook the boat as if we had run violently against a rock. I procured the snout of a saw-fish of an immense size here. It required four canoes and ten or twelve men to secure him, when he was

hooked; and he run his teeth an inch into the boat, threatening to dash the frail bark in pieces. This fish yielded eight gantons of oil, used for caulking prows."

Where the river was only two or three yards across, and running in channels with a strong current, it is related—

"A small prow which we met with this afternoon, had the day before fallen in with a very large male elephant in this narrow channel, which of course choked up the passage. The crew, four in number, fled to a tree not far off, where they remained for the night, previously fastening the boat to the reeds. The single male elephants are very dangerous. When they are in herds, they generally fly on the approach of boats; but the single ones attack and frequently kill the people in the boats. Coming suddenly upon them, they take them up with their trunks, and dash them to the ground; or throw them up in the air, and catch them upon their trunks as they fall. The Battas sometimes attack them single-handed with large spears, with which they stab them in the belly; but they often suffer for their temerity. The most usual way of killing them is by lying in wait for them as they pass down in the evening to the river's side to bathe, the Battas concealing themselves on the branches of large trees, and as the elephants pass under, throwing down a large heavy pointed iron pike, with a rope attached to it, which, if properly directed, pierces the elephant through the back, and kills him on the spot. I saw two very large tusks, which had been procured a few days before by this expedient. When an elephant is killed, the rajah gets one tusk, and the person who kills the animal the other. This afternoon we saw a large herd of wild buffaloes, of an uncommon size, coming down to the river to bathe; but on our appearance they ran off into the jungles, a large bull only halting below a tree, and, as it were, watching our motions. The traces of elephants were seen on a small sand-bank, where they appeared to have recently been."

"This country abounds with a great variety of snakes (ular), some of them of an immense size, and beautifully marked. These snakes are to be met with in most of the other states along the coast, and are not peculiar only to Bulu China; but as I met with some, and obtained my information, at this place, I shall now describe them. The principal are detailed in the following list:—Ular tiona, about the thickness of a man's wrist, spotted black, green, and yellow. Sawa or sau, which the natives describe as being marked like a chindu or Surat waistband, four fathoms long, and as thick as a Nebong tree. This is the boa-constrictor, which grows to an amazing size here. Sedon angin, from eight to ten feet long, and as thick as a wrist, with a red mouth and blackish skin. Panti masa, about nine feet long, and of a yellow colour. Mura, a small snake, only a foot long, darkish colour, interspersed with white spots: it spits venom. Pucha, a beautiful snake, about three feet in length, of a light pea-green colour. Bakow, very small, four or five inches long, so called from its changing its colour when the leaves of the bakow tree change, being green, yellow, or red, according to the colour of the leaves. Baka tubu, a small snake, black and white spots. Sidi, thick as a man's middle finger, three feet long, mixed green, white, and yellow. Bidei, a flat snake, nine feet long, and as thick as a child's wrist. Nagala, with a skin like gold, and of a most prodigious size: the natives assured me, in-

deed, that they have seen them as large as a moderate-sized cocoa-nut tree, and they devour buffaloes, tigers, and other large animals; but they are ever prone to exaggeration."

"The animals of Sumatra have already been fully described; and I am not aware that there are on the east side of the island any very remarkable species which is not well known to the naturalist. The elephants, gajah, are very numerous and large. Immense quantities of ivory might be obtained, if the natives were more expert and skilful in ensnaring and destroying them. The rhinoceros, badak; tigers, rimau; elk, rusa; gadang and palandok, small deer; hogs, babi; civet cat, musang; wild buffaloes, kurbang; horses, kuda; bears, bruang; porcupine, laudok; guana, biawa; squirrel, tupei; dimidiative deer, called kanchui and kichchang; sloth, pukang; flying squirrel, tupei terbang; goats, kambing; and numerous other animals, occupy the woods. Of the monkey tribe there are many species. Lotong, a large black monkey, long armed, long hair, with a grayish head; kara, a small reddish or olive brown coloured monkey; kara laut, or sea monkey, brown, middle sized, long tail: these are found, as their name implies, near the mouths of the rivers, close to the sea. Bruk, a large reddish-skinned short-haired monkey, which the Malays say can be instructed to buy fish, fire guns, and cut cocoa-nuts. Mundi resembles the bruk, but of a smaller size. Tingiling, reddish colour, not very large, long nails, and long tail. These are very vicious, and bite and scratch."

The few specimens of the various dialects appear to us to be extremely curious, and well worthy of attention: but indeed the entire work is so replete with information, that it needs only to be made known to enjoy very general popularity.

SIGNS OF BOOKS.

The History of the Borough and Parish of Tamworth., Part I. 4to. pp. 58. By J. and H. W. Roby. London, 1826. Nichols and Son.

To the honour of the aspiring and respected House of Peel, it may be a matter of philosophical reflection to see such a work, as this is, dedicated,—probably owing. Families have their rise and fall—their origin and close. Dr. Johnson has said, in other words, that nobody despised ancestry but those who could not boast of having fathers or grandfathers; but, in spite of this truism, there is much of point to discuss between the last representative of a noble race and the founder of a new one. The root and the shoot: the stem of a grand tree, and the uttermost dry bough: the trunk whence living branches, and coroneted blossoms, and brilliant fruits are to spring, and the last withered twig, of what was once the pride of the forest, with its native nothingness hidden by the vigorous foliage of new and growing trees. It is a striking distinction of England to see her merchants and manufacturers passing into the grade of a hereditary nobility; and, as a literary accompaniment to a probable transit of this kind, we cannot help looking at the dedication of this History to Sir Robert Peel. Tamworth, now almost the property of this wealthy commoner, was a royal residence in the eighth century, and is still venerable for the ruins of its ancient castle and church.

The selection of it for the exercise of their industrious research and illustration, not only does credit to the judgment but to the patriotism of the authors; brothers and natives of the place. We have no doubt but that they

will fulfil their task in a way creditable to themselves and interesting to the public; especially to the inhabitants of Tamworth, to those of Staffordshire and Warwickshire, in which counties it stands, and to the lovers of topographical and antiquarian pursuits. At present, we can say little of the work, (which is to be completed in six or eight parts); because, as yet, little else appears than an abstract of Roman and Saxon history, and we have no particular details to interest us or exhibit the Messrs. Robys' qualifications. As far as they have gone they have done well; they shew us Tamworth beautifully situated on the Anker and Tame, seven miles from Lichfield; they discuss the origin of these names, and trace the famous Roman way, Watling Street, which passes for four miles through the parish; they then treat it as the capital of the Saxon kingdom of Mercia, and the abode of Offa, one of the greatest kings of the Heptarchy; afterwards as the residence of Elfeda or Ethelfleda, the famous daughter of Alfred, in the beginning of the tenth century; and, finally, give an account of its mintage from the time of Edward the martyr, whose coins are the first which are known struck at Tamworth.

As we have said, the work commences very creditably, and we anticipate that it will fill a useful niche in our range of local histories.

New School Books.

As the Midsummer holidays close we owe notice to a few of the school-books or juvenile works which gradually accumulate on our table. *The Adventures of a School Boy* (published by W. Jackson and Co.) is a pleasant enough story, but the result of these adventures is far from being made practically useful; and precepts in the teeth of examples are, we fear, naught.—*Ingram's Principles of Arithmetic* (Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd) deserves attention, as being at once a good teaching book, and explaining and applying the new imperial standard of weights and measures.—*English Stories in Verse*, by A. A. Barber (London, Thomas): not a first-rate book for a critic, but a very pretty book for masters and misses. It is of the doggerel species.—*A Pronouncing Vocabulary*, &c., by George Fulton (Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd). This is a well-arranged little book; evidently proceeding from a person of practical experience: we recommend it cordially.—*A Metrical Praxis*, &c., by the The Rev. J. Simpson, LL.D. (London, Whittaker)—an easy introduction to Latin hexameter and pentameter verses. It is meant to supersede the nonsense verses of some schools, and it is no matter how soon that is done. The plan itself, will, we have no doubt, be improved upon: it deserves attention.—*Spelling and Reading Lessons*, &c., (Longman and Co.; Whittaker; Baldwin and Co.) The name of the selector is Waiblinger, Bedford; and the selection seems to be rather superior to the common run of such productions.

The Votive Wreath, and other Poems. By Mrs. Parminter. Printed for the Authorress. Bullock, Strand; Hatchard, Bowdery and Kirby; and W. Marsh, Oxford street.

THIS volume, produced to soften the afflictions of a reverse of fortune to a wife and mother, if it does not claim our praise as a high effort of the muse, at least demands our good report for its moral and virtuous sentiments. Judging from the list of subscribers, we presume that the writer is a very deserving object of sympathy.

Remarks on the Character and Writings of John Milton. By the Rev. Dr. Gurney of Boston, North America. London: reprinted. E. Rainford and R. Hunter.

THIS pamphlet is written in a vigorous style; and we are only puzzled to discover to what sect the author belongs, so as to entitle himself to the "Reverend Doctor" before his name. Christian he is not; and he wants us to believe that Milton was not a Christian—nor Locke, nor Newton. He anticipates a Millennium without religion—the reign of philosophy for a thousand years, before the world is destroyed according to the Revelations. This is a strange anomaly of doctrine.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR AUGUST.

8th day. THE Sun enters the combination of stars which forms the sign Leo, and the earth, as seen from the sun, appears in Aquarius.

Phases and Conjunctions.

	D. H. M.
● New Moon	3 7 21
○ First Quarter	10 6 14
○ Full Moon	17 5 14
○ Last Quarter	25 3 9

The moon will be in conjunction with

	D. H. M.
Jupiter	21 43
Venus	6 6 30
Spica Virginis	8 11 0
Mars	10 14 0
1 ♂ and 2 ♀ Virginis	11 5 0
Mercury	15 10 50
Saturn	27 19 0

1st day. Mercury at his greatest elongation, when, should the atmosphere prove favourable, an opportunity will occur, one or two evenings previous or succeeding, of viewing this planet without the aid of instruments. The other planets of the system are constantly presenting themselves for observation, with the exception of a short space of time about the period of their conjunction; but this messenger of the gods but just appears, as if in haste to discharge his commission, and hurries back to his glorious protector. The most favourable opportunities for observing Mercury are in the day time, when nearest the sun, and on the meridian; he has then been seen when at less than three degrees distance from that luminary, and, in some instances, even when in conjunction. The diurnal motion of Mercury has not yet been determined; by some it is stated to be only six hours, and by others 24 days, 5 hrs. 28 min. Of this latter opinion is Schroeter, who maintains that he has seen not only spots, but also mountains, in Mercury, one of which was nearly three times the height of Chimboraco, which is one of the highest mountains on the earth. The brightness of this planet varies sometimes very considerably in twenty-four hours. 3d day. In aphelio, or that part of its elliptical orbit in which it is at its greatest distance from the sun. 16th day. Stationary. 30th day. Inferior conjunction, or interposed between the earth and sun.

Venus continues the brilliant ornament of our summer evenings; and having passed Jupiter, is advancing to meet the martial planet. Her apparent diameter is increasing; 8th day, 14", 9 digits west illuminated. 2 day, 6 hrs. In conjunction with ♈. 9 day, 5 hrs. β Virginis. 16 days, 3 hrs. α Virginis. 31 days, 19 hrs. Spica Virginis.

Jupiter is approaching the sun: after the 22d day no satisfactory observation can be obtained.

Saturn may be seen a short period before sunrise. 17 days, 17 hrs. in conjunction with Geminorum.

Uranus is visible through the month, near or on the meridian, between the hours of ten and midnight. On the 26 day, 11 hrs. of the past month, the atmosphere being unusually clear and tranquil, and no star near to perplex the eye, this planet was very distinctly perceived; its situation is equi-distant from the stars that form the head of Sagittarius, and the head of Capricornus, and rather below the point of bisection of a line supposed to be drawn from each of these. Its meridian altitude during the month will be, with little variation, about 16°.

Deptford.

J. T. B.

TROPICAL PLANTS AND FRUITS.

A COLLECTION of works of art, of a very curious and interesting nature, recently arrived at the Port of London, from the Isle of France, and was intended for public exhibition in this country. It consists of imitations, in a style of extraordinary novelty, fidelity, and excellence, of all the various, beautiful, and magnificent plants and fruits of the tropical climates; and is the result of twenty years' incessant application, on the part of M. Robillard d'Argentelle, formerly a captain in the French infantry. The Mauritius Gazette, of the fourth of last March, takes the opportunity which M. d'Argentelle's departure for Europe affords, of expressing, in the strongest terms, the admiration which the view of his collection had excited among all classes of the inhabitants of the Island. It is stated in that journal, that the imitations are very far removed from those cold and imperfect ones which have hitherto been attempted; that they are a kind of new creation; and that it is difficult to determine whether, in their production, M. d'Argentelle has distinguished himself most as a painter, a sculptor, a modeller, or a botanist. A close and judicious observer, as well as a skilful artist, he has, it adds, traced and followed the progress of nature herself. The germination, the flowering, the formation, and the maturity of the fruit, are all equally well represented. Under his hands, the most delicate blossom receives its tints, its bloom, and its enamel; the most tender leaf its transparency, its softness, and its almost imperceptible fibres. When the general observer has satisfied himself, the botanist may approach, and, with his magnifying glass, study the details which escape the naked eye. In all preceding efforts of this description, wax has been the chief material employed, and the whole art has consisted in modelling the wax, and then colouring it. Very different, however, has been M. d'Argentelle's proceeding; or, rather, very different have been his proceedings; for he has adopted almost as many methods as there were objects which he sought to imitate. This may be easily conceived, when it is known that he has not been satisfied with representing, however accurately, forms, and hues; but that he has given to his fruits, to his leaves, to his branches, to his stems, the solidity, the elasticity, or the flexibility which belong to the originals. The cocoa-nut tree alone (the fructification of which exhibits fourteen developments), cost him above two years of uninterrupted labour. Moulds and stamps have been the means hitherto resorted to in such undertakings; and the consequence has been a uniformity, diametrically opposite to the boundless variety of nature. In M. d'Argentelle's collection, there are no two leaves, no two buds, no two fruits alike. The degrees

of maturity of the last are nicely discriminated. Some are advancing to perfection, some completely ripe, some half-spoiled, some partially overspread with a parasitical vegetation. The general arrangement is also said to be very striking. The following is a list of the plants of which the collection is composed:—

Carica Papaya, Eugenia Jambos, Artocarpus Incisus, Garcinia Mangostana, Dillenia Speciosa, Citrus Decumatum, Barringtonia Acutangula, Mespilus Japonica, Annona Muricata, Artocarpus Integrifolia, Cyca Circinalis, Terminalia Catappa, Musa Paradisiaca, Lodoicea Seychellarum, Caryophyllum Aromaticum, Passiflora Alata, Coffea Arabica, Hibiscus Esculentus, Pädium Pomiferum, Psidium Sineense, Mammea Americana, Prunus Simsiae, Laurus Cupularis, Fecelia Mauritiana, Terminalia Bequaertii, Diopyros Ebenoides, Michelia Champaca, Tabernaemontana Indica, Ixora Mauritiana, Euodia Orinocensis, Styrax Spinosus, Magnolia Domestica, Cookia Purpurea, Aleurites Triloba, Euphorbia Punicina, Myristica Aromatica, Uvaria Longifolia, Phoenix Dactylifera, Zizyphus Jujuba, Anacardium Occidentale, Tamarindus Indicus, Sapindus Saponaria, Minusops Kanki, Calophyllum Inophyllum, Spindias Vanqueta Edulis, Faterna Elastica, Trichilia Costata, Diopyros Mabolo, Eugenia Jamabolana, Amomum Madagascariense, Unona Uncinata, Laurus Persea, Zingiber Mauritianum, Eugenia Mespiloides, Hymenaea Verucosa, Morus Ampalae, Crescentia Cupea, Piper Nigrum, Agathophyllum Aromaticum, Arca Olneria, Borassus Flabelliformis, Eugenia Piperita, Flacouria Ramontchi, Limonia trifoliata, Carica Carandas, Achras Sapota, Eugenia Malacensis, Euphorbia Longana, Eugenia Makupa, Leccythis Minor, Myristica Sylvatica, Actinophyllum Angulatum, Artocarpus Rima, Laurus Chamaquum, Barringtonia Speciosa, Eugenia Glomerata, Eugenia Eleodendron Indicum, Stigmatica Ferrea, Diopyros Melanidea, Ochroma Seedata, Calophyllum Lanuginosum, Morinda Citrifolia, Ambora Tambourina, Ipathearia, Sideroxylon Cineraceum, Ficus Mauritiana, Theobroma Cacao, Avocado, Averrhoa Caraballo, Clusiaceae, Dipterocarpus, Noronhae Chartacea, Garcinia Celebica, Heritiera littoralis, Hydnocarpus Courbaril, Swartzia Dulcis, Carica Xilopetra, Semecarpus Anacardium, Ficus Bengalensis, Annona Reticulata, Cerbera Tanghin, Cocos Nucifera, Pandanus Sylvester, Taccia Phallifera, Hernandezia Sonora.

After having perused this account of M. D'Argentelle's labours, and the list of curious plants which they embrace, our readers will, we are sure, participate in our disappointment, when we say that they are not likely to fulfil the destination for which they were brought hither. Since translating the paper, which we trusted would be a useful and interesting prelude to such an exhibition as was intended, we have learnt, with great regret, that the high duties imposed at our Custom-house, and the high rent demanded for a room sufficiently large to admit of this scientific and beautiful display, have so alarmed the proprietor that he has either re-shipped, or is about to re-ship his treasures for Paris. Thus may Paris enjoy what London is forbidden by the remnant of an illiberal fiscal system and exorbitant charges. We love not to depreciate our native country, but, surely, it needs only to be made known to the heads of the department under which our Customs are, that Science or the Fine Arts are knocking at our door for admittance, and are denied entrance, except at an expense which they cannot afford to pay, in order to have a remedy applied to the evil.

Sir Stamford Raffles,* whose premature loss we have now to notice and deplore, bore very warm testimony to the extraordinary merits of the exhibition of which we now speak; and it is vexatious to think, that, with all the annoyances in detail which pervade the administration of the laws in France,† such works as we have here described are sure to find facilities for their admission into that country; while with our system, the distinc-

* This enterprising gentleman and ardent cultivator of natural history died on the 5th Inst. His constitution had suffered from long residence in a tropical climate.

† We allude to the difficulties which attend the transit of goods, and the travelling of persons throughout France, which appear to be as unnecessary as they are vexatious, and as unproductive of utility to the Government, as they are troublesome to the parties concerned.

tion is far too rarely made between what is required by the greedy speculations of trade, and the improving cultivation of national intelligence and taste.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Young Shrimp Catchers. From a picture in the possession of Eduaund Lechmere, Esq. Painted by W. Collins, R.A.; engraved by J. J. Phelps. London, 1826. Fr. Collins.

ONE of Mr. Collins's simple, sweet, and silvery scenes, with two children shrimping on the sea-shore, and a fishing-boat in the distance, is here engraved with congenial feeling. The expression of the countenances is well preserved, and the difficult task of representing shallow transparent water very ably executed. The whole is very pleasing.

The Emperor Nicolas. Painted by Lonsdale; engraved by W. Say. London, 1826. Sams.

A FORCIBLE portrait in mezzotinto, and we are of opinion, from the best means we have had of judging, a good likeness of the Russian Czar. It is a well-timed offering to the portfolios of collectors, and to the public generally.

The Rivals; or, a Military Position. Painted by W. Watts; engraved by W. Barnard. London, 1826.

To the keeper of the British Gallery we are indebted for this very clever example of his own abilities as a scraper in mezzotinto. The subject may be recollected as having attracted much notice to the artist when it was exhibited two or three years ago. It is a capital and characteristic sketch of familiar life, and gave promise of much future excellence: but poor Watts was cut off by death in the opening of his career; and, remarkable to say, the first engraver into whose hands this piece was put, died also before he had finished it with the work. It represents a rustic lover, who, on entering the cottage of his mistress, finds the pretty, innocent-looking, but inconstant lass, occupied by a more fortunate rival, a fine military trooper. The cat, rubbing against the surprised bumpkin, is evidently his last friend among the group, which is altogether well expressed, and makes a popular picture.

Practical and Ornamental Specimens of the Castellated, Monastic, and Domestic Architecture of Great Britain. By W. A. Brooks, Civil Engineer and Architect. Folio, Nos. 1 and 2. London 1826, Carpenter and Son; Monmouth, C. Heath; Upham, Bath; and Norton, Bristol.

IN the Nos. before us, Mr. Brooks has given fair examples of his plan, which he proposes to complete in 12 Nos., and no mean specimens of his taste; for he has selected the extremely interesting and picturesque ruins of Raglan Castle and Tynterne Abbey. These views, executed on stone, are accompanied by short historical accounts, noticing the age of their erection, and the leading incidents in the lives of their ancient possessors. In this literary respect they are judiciously illustrated; and, with regard to the artists' portion of the work, we may also say there is considerable merit. The architecture, and the ornaments, are distinctly exhibited; and the only fault we have to find is, that the landscape, for want of keeping, sticks rather closely to the back of the buildings. In the description of Raglan, a fine anecdote is related of its owner, the Marquis

of Worcester, father of the author of the *Century of Inventions*, and one of the most devoted adherents to the martyr Charles I. Raglan was the first garrison fortified, and the last that held out for the king. The advances of money, and the losses by sequestrations during the civil wars, are estimated to the loyal Marquis at the enormous sum of £900,000 ; and, when his Majesty thanked him for his loans, the following was the noble reply :—“ Sire ! I had your word for the money, but I did not think I should have been so soon repaid ; for now you have given me your thanks, I have all I looked for.”

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET.

On a Visit to the Lakes.

HAIL, O ye wilds ! Ye lakes and mountains, hail !

Welcome, you stooping clouds that cap the hills ! How the far scene the expanded bosom fills, How my glad spirit imbibes the scented gale ! Oh, Nature, Nature ! pride and lust assail

In the thick walks of populous life ; but here Thou, in thy purity, alone, art dear,— Charming the heart from its distracted moods, In thine untamed, gigantic solitudes !

Let thy sublimer scenes my soul inspire, Scenes, where no pageant of dull pomp obtrudes To damp th' excursive spirit's searching fire ; Wakening each holier feeling, pure and high— Kindling a sense of immortality.

Lines addressed to Mrs. Mattocks on her reading “The Poor Gentleman.”*

FRIEND, respected and loved, how delighted I trace

The genius that sparkles and beams in your face ;

When the drama you read, as you turn o'er the page,

You yield pleasure to youth, and amusement to age.

So genuine your humour, your taste so correct, You give characters force, and each sentence effect :

Now grave and now trifling, now young and now old,

The soft nymph or the soldier, the beau or the bold.

Your talent in this more completely is shewn, Than when you delighted in one part alone ; Then, the genius of others might share in your fame,

Nay, dress, decoration put in for a claim ; But now, quite alone and unaided, ‘tis you Who give us a pleasure so pure and so true ; And while in your chair you sit placidly still, Can triumphantly govern our feelings at will. But what e'en is talent, that spark from the skies,

Compared to your heart, which we know and we prize,

Where maternal affection so fervently glows, Which feels not of age the cold languid repose ; But no more can its generous emotions restrain Than when first its young pulse throb'd with pleasure or pain.

Though your talents a nation admires and commends,

Tis your goodness of heart that attaches your friends,

Who would dramas and heroines lay on the shelf,

To see Mrs. Mattocks performed by herself.

O ! long may she act so engaging a part, Shew the charm of her humour, the worth of her heart ;

And when late, very late, from this scene she withdraws,

May the tears of the good give a tender applause.

July 14, 1813.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LATE MRS. WATTS.

* * We regret to find that in the short notice of the late Mrs. Watts, which appeared in our last Number, several mistakes occurred. These errors, however, have been productive of one good, namely, the promise of a correct biographical sketch of this accomplished author, which we trust we shall be able to lay before our readers next Saturday. In the mean time we ought to say, that *Rome in the Nineteenth Century* has been ascribed to one of her sisters, and that *Sketches of Italy* were acknowledged as her own.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

PAUL PRY ON HIS TRAVELS.—*Letter XIV.*
MANY persons very wrongly imagine that the art of puffing is English : we are tolerably good hands at it, as all readers of newspapers and posting bills know, from Ross's wigs down to Rowland's Macassar oil and Charles Wright's champagne (justly so called, because he makes it all himself, without the aid of the grower in France) ; but after all, puffing in England is only an exotic plant : it is indigenous in the hot bed of France. Sterne knew this ; and his French barber's “ Immerge it in the ocean ” is a type of Frenchmen, past, present, and to come. They are fond of “ monuments : ” every thing with them is a national monument. The subscribers to the statue of Henry IV., and to the purchase of Chambord, were told the subscriptions were national monuments. The liberals, too, have their national monuments ; the subscription for the family of general Foy was one : the Greek committee is another. The editors of editions of Voltaire and Rousseau tell you they erect national monuments, and invite you to become the blocks for building them ; and I have just had sent to my hotel a prospectus of another “ national monument,” —it is entitled a Collection of the French Classics in one volume 8vo : listen to the puff preliminary. The Frenchman here throws off the pretensions to invention ; he affects only to copy his neighbours, the English :—what modesty ! “ The English book-sellers, at London, have recently published a complete edition of Shakespeare in 12mo, and all the classic authors of Great Britain in 48mo : these two editions, printed together, in an edition of 32,000 copies, became soon out of print ” (no very wonderful thing, I guess, as the last was never in it—*aside*). “ Such prodigious success has given us the idea of imitating our ultra-marine (don't look blue upon it) neighbours. We have no disdainful national pride ; all useful enterprizes we are ready to import, that our country may enjoy the benefit of them : we are, besides, so rich in loans, in the sciences and the arts, (no national pride, eh !) to our rivals of the British Isles, that we may, without scruple, borrow such a trifle from them.”

Another “ national monument,” imitated from the English, is the chain bridge over the Seine, opposite to the Hotel of the Invalids, which has the great and singular merit of com-

pletely hiding the edifice : however, instead of its elegant gilt dome, you have the view of the massive pillars to support the catenary. The object of this bridge is to afford a communication without interrupting the commerce of the Seine ; or as it is called, by way of dignity, the commerce of Paris. As the *badauds* (cockneys) are so proud of their commerce, it may not be amiss to state in what it consists : rafts of fire-wood, floating down the current ; an hundred charcoal barges ; a few wine barges ; ditto of tiles, faggots, potatoes, apples, and other combustibles. There is a steam boat for passengers to Fontainbleau, and another for passengers who go by sea to St. Cloud and return by land. How the shipping of the Thames sinks in comparison with the commerce of Paris.

I have not yet touched in my letters on the police in Paris : it is a ticklish subject ; for her there is no need of a warrant for apprehending you—any gendarme can do it ; and the thousands of spies appointed to preserve order, can any of them order a sentinel to pop you into the guard-house : this I know from experience, as I was taken there under an escort for not having mounted guard. It turned out that the predecessor in my lodgings belonged to the national guard : they sent him regularly the order to perform his duty ; but as he had left Paris, they popped me in as his substitute ; and I only got rid of it by going before the mayor and affirming that I was not a Frenchman. He finding out that my tongue was *pendue à l'Anglaise*, I was set at liberty. In England you may blow a fellow's brains out who would illegally arrest you ; but here, you must obey the authorities ; and had I killed one of the fellows who seized my person for that of Monsieur Pleux, I should have, before this, gone to heaven without my head. Their reason is this : the agent is employed as a mere machine to execute the act of a superior power, who commands his implicit obedience. The worst of it is, that these fellows may do wrong with impunity, for no “ public functionary ” can be prosecuted, save by permission of the council of state. This was a law of Napoleon's invention, to shelter his agents from any arbitrary acts they might be ordered to perform ; and the Bourbons find it so convenient a law, that they have preserved it ; and the word *public functionary* is like a ribbed stocking, that will fit any leg. A centinel, a gendarme, a gamekeeper, are all public functionaries, when it is convenient to stretch the point so far. The other day an English gentleman went to the fish-market, and left his carriage standing in the open space ; a fellow, in plain clothes, ordered the coachman to drive on : John did not understand a word of French, and did not stir. The Englishman came up, and finding a crowd collected round his carriage, asked what was the matter, when the same fellow answered him with the greatest impertinence. On being asked who he was, he refused to say ; when the gentleman said, “ if you are a police officer, shew me your medal, and the carriage shall move. ” He refused, and instantly brought a centinel, saying—“ I'll shew you who I am : here, take this criminal,” said he, “ to the guard-house.” He was instantly seized, and led like a thief to the place, and accused of *rebellion contra l'autorité*. The commissary of police, or his clerk on duty, acted with the utmost insolence ; and, refusing to hear any defence, marched him off to prison, charged with making a riot and rebellion against the authorities, for which he was threatened with two years' imprisonment. He was confined in

* The recent death of this agreeable actress, one of the last of the old school, induces us to depart from our usual rule not to suffer our poetical columns to be occupied with personal subjects. Mrs. Mattocks, may we trust, pass as one of general interest.—ED.

a loathsome dungeon for twenty-four hours, and then set at liberty; being told it was well for him that he had demanded to see the policeman's *medal*, or he would not have got off so easily. In vain the English gentleman lodged his complaint before the *porcureurs du roi*, to prosecute for false imprisonment. The council decreed *qu'il n'y avoit lieu à suivre*: in plain English, *you have no redress*. I am told that there is not a case on record, where the tribunals have decided in favour of a foreigner against a Frenchman. I may be misinformed; but from what I have seen, I should be inclined, like a good Christian, to turn the other cheek, rather than get into durance vile by a resistance, or the retort uncourteous. Be quiet; pay all that is asked of you; if insulted, do not reply; and you may live happy as the day is long in the good city of Paris; for the police, though execrable in many respects, take special care of your health and limbs. The fever of youth finds a salutary protection and guarantee in the precautions of the police; decency is not offended by the profligacy of vice; impurity dare not publicly violate the feelings of virtue; and the streets are entirely free from those scenes which disgrace the English capital. The slightest deviation from the appearance of propriety is followed by instantaneous arrest; and the police is so admirably conducted in this respect, that, for several days before and after New Year's Day, Frailty is forbidden even to walk in the Palais Royal, in order that the mothers and daughters who go to purchase Christmas presents, may not be offended with the sight of vice. This is a lesson for England, by which our magistrates would do well to profit. The managers of our theatres would also do well to adopt the French system, and banish from the saloons those abominable indecencies, which prevent a modest woman from appearing in them, even under the protection of her husband. In France there is not the slightest thing of the kind. Even at the masked balls, which are the very essence of intrigue, decency is never lost sight of. The parties who wish to meet have a sign of recognition; a flower in the hand, or placed in a peculiar manner in the bosom—a little rosette of riband, pinned to any part of the domino agreed on, is sufficient, for those who wish it, to recognise each other.

While on the subject of the police, I must not omit to mention the precautions taken to prevent passengers from being knocked on the head. Wherever building is carried on, the police orders that two men shall stand, one at each end of the building, with a stick in their hands, six feet in length, which they are to stretch towards the middle of the street, and prevent any persons from walking on that side of the way: and to prevent accidents from the public cabriolets, the horses have all bells round the neck, to give warning of their approach; and at night, all cabriolets, whether public or private, must have their lanterns lighted. I was last week a witness, in a case where two cabriolets met in the dark. One horse was killed, and the shafts of the other cabriolet broken. High words passed; a gen-d'arme came up, and politely invited them both to accompany him to the *Poste* (the second house). The parties were very violent. "How happens it?" asked the officer, "that you did not see each other?" It now turned out that neither of them had their lamps lighted, on which the officer observed, "Gentlemen, there is no redress for either of you; one must buy a horse to replace the one he has lost, and the other must get his cabriolet repaired at his own

expense: in the mean time I fine you both for not having your lamps lighted."

I promised in a former letter to give an account of the drawing of the lottery. The scene beggars description; indeed scarcely any but beggars were seen at it. The place is a large room, like a methodist meeting-house, filled with benches. At the farther end, on a platform, sits the Prefect of the Seine and the administrators of the lottery, who have, I understand, 25*l.* a-piece for their attendance. A man opens a small roll of parchment and shews it to the public; it bears the figure *one*. It is then rolled up again and put into the lottery wheel, and in the same manner all the numbers, up to 90. The opening in the wheel is now closed, and it is turned round for about five minutes. A boy is then blindfolded, and his hand directed to the opening in the rim of the wheel. He thrusts in his hand and draws out a number, which is opened and proclaimed, and held sufficiently long before the spectators that all may see it. During this operation the wheel is continually turning round, the boy draws another number, and so on until five are drawn, which are immediately affixed in the hall, and on the outside of the building when the drawing is finished.

To describe the scene that took place in the hall, from the drawing of the first to the fifth number, would be impossible; the breathless expectation previous to the first number being drawn—the faint hope which its drawing occasioned in those who had chosen it as one of the two, three, or four on which they played—the disappointment of others on seeing that all their hopes were at an end. The second number increased the agitated feelings. He who played on a *terme*, finding two numbers already come up, fancied himself already in possession of 5500 times his stake. The third number was unfavourable, but yet he had the chances of two others yet undrawn. It was beautiful to watch the alternations of hope and fear, of anxiety and despondency. A fourth number aroused the hopes of two or three, but produced despair in all the rest; while the fifth and last burst all the bubbles of hope, and the motley crew left the place; some in the silent sadness of despair, others venting loud imprecations against the capricious jade. Some had calculated on a piece of good luck to pay the quarter's rent; others had various schemes of fortune, which were all gone to the tomb of the Capulets. One poor woman, very decently dressed, burst into a flood of tears and wrung her hands; not a word escaped her, but every feature bore the impression of the deepest sorrow. I instinctively followed her. She lived at a considerable distance. A lovely little girl, about twelve years of age, came running up to her. The mother's looks made her give a shriek as she approached her. She pressed her child in her arms, and would have fallen had I not been at hand. I led her to her home: the most abject poverty was apparent in the small room she inhabited on the sixth floor, yet all was neat and clean. I endeavoured to console her. "No sir," said she, "all consolation comes too late; it is here, here I feel it," laying her hand on her heart. After some time, she unfolded her tale of sorrow. Her husband had died after a lingering illness, which had exhausted their little means. He would have been better at the hospital, but she could not think of his being neglected. She slept on the floor during the whole time with her daughter, and in France there is no parish to fly to for relief. The funeral of her husband exhausted all their resources, even to the selling of the

very bed. She yet struggled against Fate, and took in work, by which they earned about 1*l.* a-day between them. Her neighbour's children were going to receive their first communion (confirmation). The custom is to be entirely clad in white. The poor widow could not bear the idea of her child losing the opportunity of being admitted into the pale of the church. What could she do? Her work lay before her; she fancied that if she pledged it to buy a proper dress for her child, leaving a franc to put in the lottery, providence would take pity on her on account of her religious motive, inspire her to choose the lucky numbers, and crown her ardent fond desires of making her child a Christian without injury to any one. Her prayers were not heard; the numbers she chose did not come up; she had pledged the property of her employers; she had no power of redeeming it. In another hour, perhaps, a life of virtue and honesty would have been branded with the eternal stigma of crime. A prison and the tribunals yawned to receive their melancholy victim. She could not bear the thoughts of it; and I feared she would expire in my arms. It was lucky for her that she was followed by

PAUL PRY.

DRAMA.

ENGLISH OPERA.

On Tuesday was produced here, and has been performed most successfully every evening since, an operatic romance, called the *Death-Fetish*, founded on the narrative so entitled, in the clever tales of the O'Hara family, by Mr. Banim. The whole fable hinges on the supernatural appearance, to each other, of the spectres or doubles of a young and loving couple: *Ebert*, a student, and *Louisa Rothe*. These wraiths foreseen a fatal end to their otherwise auspicious union. Their introduction is managed with good dramatic skill, and their agency made the source of some highly pathetic and powerful effects. To vary the scene, a more happy intercourse is maintained by *Matilda* (the sister of *Louisa*), and *Ludolph*, a fortunate soldier: and in addition to these parts of lighter, or rather of musical talent, we have a comic variety sustained by Dr. *Von Sassen*, *Hans*, *Ebert's* serving man, and *Martha*, the waiting-maid to the young ladies. Possessing, as we have stated, original and striking dramatic capabilities, it is further well for this piece, that it relies for its chief support on the exertions of Miss Kelly, as *Louisa*. Her nature, her feeling, and her force, in delineating the growth of superstition, from its first impression of alarm, to its overwhelming terrors and deadly catastrophe, cannot be praised too much. There is no finer acting upon the stage, and some of the situations are affecting, almost appalling, by their truth and reality. There is not a shadow of trick in this excellent performance; no prepared start, nor studied gesture. The look, the shudder, the faint, are involuntary,—at least, such is the skill of this admirable actress, that every motion seems to be the immediate and irresistible consequence of the circumstances in which the character is placed. Mr. Archer, in *Ebert*, also plays very ably: we have not before seen him to so much advantage. Miss Paton not only delights us with her voice in *Matilda*, but acts the serious scenes with her sister extremely well; and Pearman has some very sweet songs, which he sings sweetly, as her lover. Bartley, in the *Doctor*, does every thing for the profession;

he kills, instead of curing, by his prescribed course, most facetiously. Miss Goward, as the *soubrette*, is piquant and amusing: she is rising rapidly in that line, and, with a pleasing pipe, and arch manner, is sure to succeed better and better as she gets the entire ease and freedom which familiarity with the stage, and favour with the audience, alone can give. Keeley, as *Hans*, is dry and droll: the most sincere compliment that can be paid to Miss Kelly, perhaps, is, that she exercises throughout so strong a dominion over our minds, that we are not in time for the pleasures of the buffo scenes: they grate upon the feelings which she has excited and commands. On the whole, this romance eminently deserves the success which has attended it; and every lover of fine music, and exquisite acting, will hasten to enjoy them, though through the medium of a *Death-Fetch*.

VARIETIES.

Fossil Bones.—A cave, containing fossil bones, has lately been discovered on the banks of the Garonne, near Bourdeaux. The bones are principally of the tyger and the hyena, and are analogous to those the remains of which were found in the neighbourhood of Paris.

Rockets.—M. Vaillant, an inhabitant of Boulogne, the inventor of the winged rockets which made so great a noise in Paris in 1823, has just discovered a new mode of discharging rockets, without either wings or sticks. In a trial recently made, notwithstanding there was a very strong westerly wind, his rockets mounted much higher than the common ones, without deviating in the slightest degree from the right line. This invention promises to obviate the accidents frequently occasioned by the rockets with sticks, and the inconveniences and liability to derangement of the winged rockets. M. Vaillant is on the point of repairing to Paris, there to repeat his experiments on a larger scale.—*French Journal*.

Dying.—It has been hitherto found impracticable, in dying certain colours, to obtain at will a regular gradation of shades. M. Chevreul has been reading to the Academy of Sciences at Paris a paper on the subject, in which he states, that he has triumphed over this difficulty by a happy application of the principles of chemistry. He presented the academy with specimens of his blue dyes, exhibiting all the shades of that colour, from the lightest to the deepest tint. A comparative specimen of the results obtained by the old process, sufficiently proved the benefit which the useful arts will derive from this discovery. M. Chevreul is pursuing his experiments on other colours.

African Travels.—On New Year's Day, Major Laing was at Gusala, the Ensala, of Rennel, where he had been stopped some time by native wars. He was to set out, however, for Timbuctoo on the 2d of January, and had gathered much information from other travellers detained, like himself, at Gusala. The position of this place is laid down 27° 30' lat., 1° 15' E. long. It is stated, that, after staying at Timbuctoo till August, it was the intention of our enterprising countryman to visit Jeanie and Melli, and proceed down the river for Yaouri, with the annual swell about this period.

Criticism.—A French critic (*Fr. Degeorge*, we guess), in the *Revue Encyclopédique*, noticing Captain Maitland's *Narrative of the Surrender of Buonaparte*, generally praises the work, but declares that the eulogy upon Wel-

lington, ascribed to Napoleon, to be "*outré and ridiculous.*" Could not this writer perceive, that the greater the conqueror of Buonaparte was made, the less would be the shame of his favourite's defeat?

Sardinia.—In the bosom of the Mediterranean, between Italy, France, and Spain, uniting to that happy maritime and commercial position, the advantages of a favourable climate and a fertile soil, which, in times of scarcity, have rendered it the granary of the neighbouring countries, Sardinia has, nevertheless, been hitherto comparatively little known to the rest of Europe. An attempt to supply this deficiency has recently been made by a M. Minamit, who was formerly a French Consul in the island. The historical part of his work is perhaps too discursive; but some of the facts which he has collected, with respect to the character and manners of the existing inhabitants, are curious and interesting. It appears, that in Sardinia, as every where else, civilisation finds the greatest difficulty in penetrating into the mountainous regions. The number of assassinations committed every year, especially in the north of the island, which has the greatest intercourse with Corsica, is frightful. Local hatreds, family quarrels, the thirst for vengeance, and the tardiness of judicial forms, are the causes of this dreadful multiplicity of crimes. Robbery, which is very frequent, is seldom accompanied by murder. The Sardinian deprives of life only the man who has offended or provoked him, and who is his personal enemy. Assassination is the effect of private animosity, or envy; and the victim is seldom pillaged. Jealousy is one of the most frequent causes of these bloody actions. The least attempt upon the honour of a wife or a daughter is instantly avenged. This passion of jealousy exists in the fullest force only in the villages of the interior, and in the mountains. There, the women hide themselves on the arrival of strangers, and will not sit at table with them. In general, the mountains serve as the refuge of banditti. Mount Sasso, in the province of Logudoro, is famous for having been the asylum and the citadel of a band of brigands. Their chief was a man in good circumstances, of Chiaramonte, whom private revenge had led to the commission of homicide. He piqued himself on being always exceedingly polite, and of exhibiting in all his proceedings the manners of a person accustomed to good society. He sternly prohibited his band from injuring any one, or from using arms, except in personal defence. He received with great civility individuals who wished to visit him; but he required a previous intimation, with their names and rank, in order to prepare for their reception, and for their recognition by the armed sentinels (aided by enormous watchdogs) who guarded the entrances to the natural fortress. He possessed numerous and beautiful flocks in the little empire which he had created; and took care that neither he nor his, should want any of the necessaries or comforts of life. Wounded in the left arm, he could not raise it very high; but his sight was so good, that he was sure, with a bullet of the smallest size, to break an egg thrown up in the air. Justice and authority, his only enemies in the canton, succeeded in surprising him and his companions, by means of a traitor, who, admitted into the interior, infused a soporific in their liquor, and thus devoted to slaughter these victims of hospitality.

Captain Kotzebue arrived at Copenhagen in

the second week of July, returning to Russia

from his long voyage in the Pacific. The con-

tinentals newspapers notice, that his grandmother had just observed the birth-day of her 90th year, in perfect health.

The sixteen Scots' *Poets*, agreeably to the orthography of various French newspapers:—Le Marquis de Quinsburg, le Marquis de Tardidile; les Comtes d'Error, d'Om, de Kehlé, d'Elquine, de Norvesk, de Rosseburg; les Vicomtes d'Arbennet, de Strontollim; les Lords Torbez, Slaughter, Gray, St. Claire, Colville, Nooper, Bluouen, et Spently !!

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Authorship of the Scottish Novels.—*M. Dufaurecourt*, the translator of these novels, has published a letter, in which he blames M. *Gossein*, the Parisian bookseller and editor of the work, for printing Sir Walter Scott's letter to him (*Dufaurecourt*), denying the authorship. The *John Bull* newspaper raises an unfounded argument upon this fact, and accuses Mr. G. of having falsified the date of the letter to give it more weight, which is not true: the letter is dated 1st April, 1821, and is as flat a denial as could be given to the fact, see the *Literary Gazette*, No. 494, page 431, where the document is originally given, from the fac-simile in the Paris edition. This will admit of no quibbling, and M. *Dufaurecourt*'s disclaimer does not affect the question one iota: it only throws the impropriety of printing the letter off his own shoulders.

Mr. George Samouelle, author of the "*Entomological's Useful Compendium*," will shortly publish General Directions for Collecting and Preserving Exotic Insects and Crustacea, with Illustrative Plates.

The Learned Mr. de Koopen is employed upon a History of the different Dialects in the German Language.

Mr. Koslov, a Russian poet, who, like Homer, Milton, and Deille, is blind, has published a poem called *Tchernetz, the Monk*, which is a good deal praised. He seems to have taken "loukovski" for his model, and is likely to rank high among the disciples of the romantic school in Russia.

A pamphlet has appeared at Paris, with the title, "Will Greece become English?"

"Moore's Life of Sheridan" has been translated into French, by a Mr. J. T. Parrot.

Mr. Thomas Roscoe is sedulously engaged in a new work, to be entitled, *Memoirs of the Court of Queen Anne*, comprising Literary and Biographical Notices of the most distinguished Characters of her Reign.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1826.

	July.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday 20	From 49.	To 71.	29.77
Friday 21	— 53.	— 66.	29.58 Stationary.
Saturday 22	— 44.	71.	29.70
Sunday 23	— 51.	59.	29.86
Monday 24	— 53.	70.	29.94
Tuesday 25	— 48.	74.	30.03
Wednesday 26	— 45.	72.	30.10

Wind S. W. till the afternoon of the 22d, since which, N. and N.E. Generally cloudy, and frequent rain till the 24th. Since generally clear.

Rain fallen 1.95 inches, of which 1.65 fell on the night of the 23d and morning of the 24th.

Edmonton, CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude ... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude ... 0° 3' 51" W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We presume, from memory, that X.'s second composition had some defect, which prevented its sharing the fate of the first, as we do not readily find it among our MS. stores.

We have no affirmative to give to the application of G. D. Such views ought to be mentioned at the beginning of correspondence.

As is very right: a star is neither an atom nor a taper; but we hardly think it necessary to go at length into the proof of these assertions.

We assure "Amicus" that we never see the contemptible matters which he thinks should give us uneasiness; and, above all, that we should not be in the least uncomfortable if we did.

"The Dreamer" had better try to awake: he will then see if he is fit for any thing.

No, no, no! and if any further answer required, then bo, bo, bo, bo.

T. E. E. has many just and beautiful thoughts, but as a composition, the whole is inadmissible.

We had said all we thought necessary on the matters mentioned by M. A. M. of Glasgow.

We cannot adopt the poetical address "To Correspondents;" but shall, nevertheless, be happy to cultivate a better acquaintance with the writer.

—'s lines have much poetical merit, but the subject renders them unfit for us.

Want of room obliges us to postpone No. IV. of "Sayings and Doings of Artists and Authors."

JOURNAL OF THE BELLES LETTRES.

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ADVERTISEMENTS. Connected with Literature and the Arts.

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